Beaver & Gephart

Bellefonte Republican.

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Established in 1869. vernment, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."—LINCOLN. Terms: $1.50 per Year

HE TIRED OF HER LOVE.

BUT NINA HUBBARD TRIED HARD TO MARRY MR. BROWN.

After Twice Attempting to Escape Her Toils and Being Foiled, the Desperate Young Man Jumps from a Train and Gets Away.

SIOUX CITY, Io., Jan 15.—Mrs. Nina Hubbard of Red Banks, N. D., is one of the leading actors in a somewhat amusing, although sensational episode in which this city and Sioux Falls, S. D., were the scenes, and a young man named Clark Brown the other actor. Mrs Hubbard was one of the many who sought Sioux Falls to seek relief from marital bonds that had become irksome, and was rejoiced a few days ago to secure a decree of divorce from her husband. Before she secured her divorce she took up with the young man who was a clerk in the Van Epps store in the divorce city, and on account of the intimate acquaintance of the couple and the gossip their friendship caused, young Brown was dismissed from his position in the store.

THEIR EAGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED.

The sought-for divorce having been obtained, the New York papers soon afterwards announced that the newly-made grass widow and the young clerk were engaged to be married. The divorced belonged to a well-known and fashionable family in Now York, and her every move was watched and reported with great care and fullness. It is asserted that the couple lived together in Sioux Falls, and last week they came to this city together.

However, true love did not run smoothly, at least such was the experience of the divorced. The young man became weary of his fashionable companion and would again live a life of single blessedness, but she would not have it so. The woman had managed to keep him faithful to her at Sioux Falls, although he is said to have made a desperate attempt to escape from her. He watched his chance, knowing that she would prevent anything like open desertion' and when he thought he had not been observed he slipped aboard a train bound for his old home. But his would-be wife was too smart for him, and as the train was pulling out she made her appearance and with persuasive eloquence plead with him to stay with her.

SHE WON HIM BACK.

Time did not allow many words, but it was enough, for the young man again surrendered and turned to her. His second attempt to break with her was equally unsuccessful and it appeared as if he had given up all thought of ever again leaving her side.

The reconcilation seemed complete, and the apparently happy and single-thoughted couple went aboard the train for Rapid City, where they intended to make some thing of a stay. Waiting uutil the train was well in motion the young man leaped from the moving cars, leaving his companion to make the trip alone. At the first station she got off and returned on the next train, but has thus far failed to find any trace of the young clerk, either here or in Sioux Falls, and she has announced that she will now return to her old home in the East, leaving Brown to look out for himsef.

HUMOR.

County Editor—James I have concluded to exchange with the Frizzleberg Screamer so you may print one extra copy weekly from now out.

James (wielder of the hand press)—I knew that dream I had last night meant more work!

Wife—We've been invited to dine with the preacher to-morrow.

Editor—I know it. Fix a big lunch to take along.

Wife—A lunch?

Editor—Of course. He won't have a blamed thing but fresh air and free salvation!

"Sir," said the stranger to the man of business, "this is biting weather, and all my worldy possessions are summed up in a shirt, a linen duster, a straw hat, a pair of slippers and a free pass."

"I'm sorry," said the man of business; but if I helped every editor who comes along I'd soon be dead broke myself?'

Sad-eyed Compositor—Wot gentleman can spare me a few quotes?

Foreman—See here, Slug 13 that's the sixth time you've asked for quotes in five minutes. Watcher setting, anyway?

Slug 13—Well, the rules of the paper says quote all slang and I've got a take of the base ball editor's copy—Chicago Times.

City Editor (sternly)—What do you mean by heading this item. "A Slight Mishap on the 23d Street Line?"

Assistant—Why, the man wasn't hurt; the car merely run over his wooden leg.

City Editor—Never mind, sir; head it, "Under the Juggernaut's Wheels." I'm afraid you'll never do for the newspaper business!

"I am sorry, Mr. Percollum, but I shall not need your service after this week," said the editor of the Monthly Sparkle.

"I was about to make the same remark, sir," replied Mr. Percollum. "My uncle has bought this magazine and given the management of things to me. You will not need my services, Mr. Abel, but I shall need yours. How would an advance of $50 a month in your salary strike you?"

A HINT TO SMOKERS.

IT IS A CURIOUS FACT THAT YOU NEED EYES TO ENJOY A CIGAR.

As the gentleman who serves me with cigars handed over a box of the usual brand the other day I noticed that they were not quite the right color and said so.

"My dear sir," he remarked with a smile, as he handed me another box, "if you were to close your eyes as you smoked them you couldn't tell the difference."

It was now my turn to smile at what I considered pleasantry.

"Oh, yes," I replied.

"Oh, no" he said, and growing serious: "I'll wager you a box that you couldn't tell what you were smoking if you couldn't see."

I laughed now and he went on.

"Don't you know that the imagination is as potent a factor in the enjoyment of a cigar as anything else. Seeing your smoke is what makes the sensation something pleasant."

I was still incredulous.

"Did you ever see a blind man smoking?" he finally asked.

Well that was a poser. I never have. Have you? I admitted as much and wondered why.

"It is simply because he can't see," said the tobacconist. "A blind man can smell and taste as well as anybody else, probably better; but no matter how great a smoker a man is if he loses his sight he no longer enjoys smoking."

Now here was a bit of intelligence that I venture to say very few smokers know—that sight is a prime requisite to the enjoyment of a pipe or cigar. I asked a friend who smokes about it. He was equally surprised as I had been to learn that this was always so.

"But," he added almost immediately, "here's an experience that bears it out," and he told me of a close acquaintance who had through an accident become blind. He had been a great smoker, and was a stickler for a good cigar. Thinking to console him somewhat my friend called and took with him a box of choice cigars which he presented with a few sympathetic remarks."

"Thanks, awfully, old man," "you're very kind, but I don't smoke now; don't enjoy it, in fact."—N. Y. Herald.

The Nation's Whisky Bill.

"Boy at the head of the class, what are we paying for liquor as a nation?"

"$900,000,000 annually."

"Step to the blackboard, my boy. First take a rule and measure this silver dollar How thick is it?"

"Nearly an eighth of an inch."

"Well, sir; how many of them can you put in an inch?

"Between eight and nine."

"Give the benefit of the doubt and ca'l it nine. How many inches wauld it require to pile these $900,000,000 in?

"1000,000,000 inches."

"How many feet would that be?"

"8,333,333 feet."

"How many rods is that?"

"505,050 rods."

How many miles is that?"

"1,578 miles."

"Miles of what."

"1,578 miles of silver dollars, laid down, packed closely together, our national liquor bill would make. That is only one year's gross bill."

Reader, if you need facts about this temperance question, nail that to a post and read it occasionally. It would take ten men with scoop-shovels to throw away money as fast as we are wasting it for grog.—*Selected.*

The education and intelligence of the country are naturally repelled by the Republicanism of to-day.—*Mugwump writer in the Atlantic Monthly.*

This definition of "education," evidently, is "ability to theorize in favor of free trade," and of "intelligence." a supreme contempt for the logic of facts. The "educated and intelligent" free trader is a student of "maxims, not of markets."

When a pugilist is trying to train down he does not care to have his friends say: "May your shadow never grow less."

The buzz-saw has what might be termed an unapproachable manner

COUNCIL'S DOINGS.

JUST A QUORUM PRESENT—THREE MEMBERS ON THE SICK LIST.

Council convened on Monday evening with just the requisite number—five—for a quorum present. Messrs. Longacre, Williams and Bauer all being on the sick list and Mr. Crissman being among the missing somewhere. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved after which the borough fathers proceeded to the transaction of what business there was for the evening, which, by the way, was a small amount.

The water committee reported the water service in good condition; also that there have been discovered a good many persons in Bellefonte who are leaving their hydrants run all night to keep them from freezing. A list of such persons is being taken and the same will be given into the hands of the assessors next spring that they may assess tax accordingly, the committee also reported that, owing to the carelessness of the officials in charge, the water had to-day been shut off from the water tank of the Pennsylvania railroad company.

The Fire and police committee reported having investigated the Constitution and By-Laws of the newly organized Undine Hose company and that the same was found all right and the committee recommended that the company be approved as now organized. They also reported having conferred with the chief Burgess relative to assigning certain hours and beats for the borough police, and that the chief Burgess asked that council pass a resolution definning the duties of the police and then he would see that the same was enforced. In this matter a resolution was passed as follows:

Resolved, That each of the police be required to be on duty twelve hours during the day and night, and that at least one circuit of the town be made during the twelve hours, to be made after midnight, and that the police be under the direction and control of the Chief Burgess and that they report at least once a day to that official

This will put but one policeman on duty at a time, one during the day and one during the night.

In the matter of the report of the committee appointed to investigate the Constitution, By-Laws and membership list of the newly organized fire company, a resolution was passed approving the new company and giving the property of the old Undines into their possession.

With the approval of the usual number of bills council adjourned to meet first Monday in February.

Resolution of Respect.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to release from a life of pain and suffering our comrade, Augustus H. Cox, late a member of Co. E. 45th Pa Vol., therefore be it.

Resolved, That while we bow to the will of Him "who doeth all things" we will cherish the memory of our comrade, cast the mantle of charity over the frailties to which all flesh is heir and treasure only his good qualities.

Resolved, That in his death his family lose a kind and loving husband and father his friends a good neighbor and country a faithful soldier in her hour of danger.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of the deceased our sincere sympathy in this bitter hour of trial, and humbly commend them to the Healer of all sorrows.

Resolved, That the Post Room be draped in mourning in honor of our deceased comrade for a period of thity days.

Resolved, That these Resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Post and published in the County papers and that a copy be presented to the family of deceased.

Committee { W. T. Fitzgerald
D. F. Fortney
D. S. Keller

The Reaper, Death.

[Communicated.]

Again God has laid the heavy hand of affliction on a home in our village of Snow-Shoe, and all the children have been taken in a few days.

The family thus bereft, is that of Mr. George Uzzle. On Tuesday the fifth inst., the disease which has been so prevalent in our midst for some months past, entered their home. Every precaution had been taken to prevent its entrance, but precautions were useless as also was the medical aid; and on Sunday the the tenth, the youngest child, Anna May aged twenty months and twenty-eight days succumbed to the attack of diphtheria; her sister one of the prettiest little girls in all the community was suffering somewhat from the same ailment, at the time of the little one's death, this however seemed to so affect her delicate constitution, that the malady made hasty and fatal inroads on her system, and on January the fifteenth at half past nine in the morning, Bernice Louisa, aged six years, one month and four days, suffered the separation of the spirit from her beautiful body, which on Saturday last was laid beside her little sister's in Askey's Cemetery.

State vs. City.

John Bardsley's wrong doing is the cause of serious contention between the State of Pennsylvania and the city Philadelphia.

The state claims that the city is responsible to the state, for the defalcations of the city Treasurer, and the state officials are now holding back moneys belonging to the city, amounting to $1,134,000. The city controllers has just disclosed the fact, and trouble is brewing between our Democratic state officials at Harrisburg and the Republican city officials at Philadelphia.

The state proposes to compel the city to pay over the amount lost by Bardsley, by retaining the money due from state to city until the accounts shall balance. The city denies the premises, by claiming that action by the state officials made Bardsley agent of the state: and are trying to beat the state's game, by requesting city Treasurer McCreary, to stop paying money over to the state.

The combination makes a serious muddle. The city has proposed arbitration, but the state refuses.

Gov. Pattison, Attorney-General Hensel and Secretary Harrity seem determined, to compel the city to pay, and the question is, has the city any power to hold back moneys belonging to the state. If yes, it is a case of the stream rising higher than the fountain. The Supreme Court will probably be called upon to decide the question.

On the Sick List.

Bellefonte now seems to have numerous cases of sickness. Among the most serious might be mentioned that of Mrs. Joseph Ceaders, who is lying seriously ill with pneumonia at her home on Allegheny street. Mrs. Joseph Ray, mother of S. D. Ray, is lying very ill at her home on Spring street, although on Monday the attending physician pronounced her a little better. Then there is Mrs. Isaac Longacre, Mr. S. H. Williams, N. Bauer, and T. W. Moyer and a host of others who are confined to their homes with the grippe. We trust to at an early date hear of the recovery of all the above, as well as any others who may be sick.

A N. Y. police officer on Sunday last, bought a banana of an Italian fruit vender price one cent,

The officer declinging to pay for it, the Italian insisted that he should, and the officer arrested him for selling fruit on Sunday.

He took him before a magistrate, who after hearing the case, released the Italian and lectured the officer till he felt smaller than the cent he refused to pay, and looked as mean as a decayed banana.

A Cincinnatian named John Anderson is uder arrest for bigamy, with fifteen wives appearing against him. He might be discharged on the theory of the old Dutch justice in Pennsylvania, who refused to punish a bigamist in these words: "Vat you vould haf me bunish the man for hafing zwei vifes! No. Let him go. I haf troubles enough mit von."

Recent occurrences have made one thing very plain. Either the United States will have to build a big and expensive navy for both coasts or the completion of the Nicaragua Canal must be hastened by every practicable means. The canal will be the cheapest of the two.

When this country goes to war there need be no fear that it will not be united. But it is not united in favoring a threat of war to secure an "abject apology" from a little redublic onetenth our size. Strength intelligence, riches and civilization have some obligations.

A Nebraska judge rules that the fact that the name of the editor of a newspaper appears daily at the head of the editorial columns is not sufficient to make the editor answerable to the state for the publication of an alleged libel in the newspaper.

Certain Democratic organs appear to be very much worried over the discovery that there are a great many Democrat Congressmen who, in dealing with foreign nations, prefer to be patriotic rather than partisan.

Does Mr. Grover Cleveland think that it really paid him last fall to help hoist Mr. Bennett Hill into the dictatorship over the New York Democracy which he exercises at present?

Edwin A. Bacon, who recently retired from the editorship of the Boston Post, has been presented by his journalistic friends with a token of their personal regard.

FIGHTING A MADMAN.

Ammonia Proves a Valuable Weapon in the Desperate Struggle.

From Recollections of a Physician.

Years ago, when I was a youngster, I became an assistant to Dr. B., the superintendent of a public insane asylum.

As in all insane asylums, some of the patients were docile and tractable and had the freedom of a high-walled garden, while others, being violent and dangerous in their madness, were confined to their rooms

Sometimes one of the last named gentlemen would get loose, a fact which he usually announced by breaking things generally upon which announcement the doctor would repair to the spot, and, advancing upon him with a steadfast gaze, would march him off to his room.

We had one lunatic by the name of Jones, large and as strong as an ostrich. He had broken out of his room two or three times, but had always gone back docilely when any of us made our appearance.

The asylum had a saloon in the center with a door at each end, and one of the doors requiring fixing once upon a time a carpenter was engaged upon it, when in trundled Mr. Jones and quietly possessed himself with a long, sharp chisel.

When the carpenter looked around the madman gave a grin and poked the chisel at him, whereupon the man of chips scuttled out and locked the door—then, while the enemy was battering away at it he rushed around and locked the other door at the other end.

Having thus caged Jones, he gave the alarm, and I, supposing it was an ordinary case, which I could control, unlocked the door and entered boldly, whereupon he made a rush at me.

I incontinently bolted. The doctor was sent for. He soon came, reconnoiterin through the keyhole and ascertaining that the enemy was at the other end of the room, he opened the door and saw at once that he could do nothing with the loose maniac.

Here was apparently a dilemma. A crazy individual, as strong as a bull, perfectly uncontrolable and armed with a weapon. To capture him by force was a difficult and dangerous unsertaking and to starve him would be a tedious affair.

But the doctor did not wait long. "Alfred," said he, "go down into the surgery, fill the largest syringe with hartshorn and bring it up."

I caught the idea, rushed down and brought back the quart syringe with hartshorn diluted—for I didn't want to kill the man. Then the doctor, the carpenter and myself formed an army of invasion.

"We threw open the door and entered in the following array; I, being the shortest of the three, marched first holding a chair in front of me by the back, so that the legs might keep off a rush if our popgun should flash in the pan. Then came the carpenter, with the syringe resting on my shoulder, like a piece of flying artillery. Finally in the rear, in the safest place, like all great generals, came Dr. B.

The lunatic sat at the other end of the hall on a chair, eyeing us keenly and savagely. Slowly, very slowly, we advanced toward him. The nearer we got the more wicked that chisel looked, and the handle seemed to increase until it was very, very long.

When we were within a few feet of him he jumped up and sprang toward me.

Whizz splatter! splash! went the quart of hartshorn into his countenance, down he went like a log—it would have knocked down a batallion—and while he was catching his breath we caught him.

The newspapers are taking the doctors' trade away from them. A clergyman was at the house of one of his members the other day for luncheon. He left his hat where it became the plaything of a little child, and the curiosity of the youngster caused it to turn the sweatband of the hat and in doing so an extract from a newspaper tumbled out. The child's mother replaced it before the minister had time to discover what had been done, and as she did so she noticed that it was a newspaper prescription for the grip. A judge of the Supreme Court had occasion to pull from his pocket a lot of papers one day last week and among others things revealed was a hastily torn out newspaper clipping on the quickest way to cure the grip.

Still another example of good fortune is presented is the case of the editor of the renowned Billsville Banner. He took out an accident insurance olicy. Ten minutes later he broke both his legs and got $200 in due time. As it cost him only $10 to have his legs set, and can edit without his legs, he thinks he is $190 in.

Rufus Shoemaker of the Grass Valley (Cal.) Telegraph is another editor in luck. An admiring friend has presented him with a watch which will keep excellent time for three minutes at a stretch, and is about nine inches in circumference and an inch thick. Mr. Shoemaker will hire a small bop to carry it around for him.

SQUIBS

THE FARMER AND THE LAWYER.

As Usual The Lawyer On Top.

An old farmer walked into a lawyers office and says. Jedge I want to ask you a legal question.

"Supposing a man comes to town with meat in his wagon for sale, and another man's dog climbs into the wagon and steals a piece of meat, is the owner of the dog responsible for his dog's theft?" "Certainly" replied the lawyer. "Well, Jedge, your dog jest stole a nice piece of mutton out of my wagon." "Just like Bose, he always was a lawless dog, what is the meat worth?" "About a dollar Jedge."

The lawyer handed over the dollar and the farmer started to leave, when the lawyer said, Mr.—— you haven't settled with me. "Settled with you," said the surprised farmer, "certainly" said the lawyer, "you have consulted me professionally and I can't give legal advice without pay." "Well Jedge what is the charge?" asked the farmer. My regular fee for advice is ten dollars, but seeing it is you, five dollars will pay the bill." The farmer reluctantly handed over the V. and left the office feeling that he had no occasion for asking a lawyers advice for a year or two at least.

Strange Matrimonial Experiesces.

Bloomsburg Republican

Twenty years ago Miss Amanda Bradford was a hapy maiden in Cherry township, Sullivan county. Last Saturday she breame a widow for the third time. All of her husbands met with sudden death.

Thirteen years ago, when she was 21 years of age, she was married to Adelbert S. Rogers, a young farmer. Two years after Mr. Rogers dropped dead at the supper table.

In two years she became the wife of Peleg C. Ralph. In less than a year Mrs, Ralph found her husband dead by her side in bed. Mrs Ralph remained a widow until the 17th of last month, when she was married to Cyrus K. Stannard, a widower. Mr. Stannard was twenty one years older than his bride and had a family of grown children.

On the day of the wedding they went on a visi to relatives in Bradford county, where they remained until last Saturday. At the foot of Babcock Hill Mr. Stannard told Arthur Porter, the stage driver, that he would get out and walk. A short distance up the hill, Porter heard a pistol shot and looking back, he saw Stannard lying in the road. He ran back and found him dead, with a bullet hole in his right dand.

Mrs. Stannard was asleep sn the stage when the tragedy took place and she became nearly wild when Porter told her what had happened. She said their honeymoon had passed happily and that she knew of no reason why her husband should have killed himself. Mr. Stannard had never been known to carry a revolver and he left no paper to tell why he had committed suicide.

Love and Its Ways.

LOVE is always a burden-bearer.

LOVE that is not kind is the wrong kind.

THE patience of love never wearies. It is provication proof

IT doesen't break the heart of love to have the clothes line break.

WITHOUT the hold of human love divine love could never have been made known on earth.

LOVE does not boast of the battle it has fought, nor scartch its scars to make them look bigger.

LOVE never picks out a two-cent piece from a purse full of gold coins to put in the collection basket.

THE love that is right itself will not spend much of its time in looking for black spots on other people.

THE Legislature of New York meets again to-day, and it is to be seen whether Sheehan, Hill's man of dirty work, will persist in his despotic and senseless course toward the Republican minority of the Senate. The judgment of the voters. usually just when formed with deliberation, may be counted on to rectify hereafter whatever wrong may be inflicted. The wilder and more outrageous the performances of Sheenan and his followers the more certain will be the popular rebuke at the polls.

The New York Press Club yesterday adopted resolutions censuring Arthur F. Bowers, city editor of the Tribune, for having given the reporters on that paper the alternative of resigning their membership in the club or resigning from the Tribune staff. A committee will ask the owners of the Tribune if they sustain Mr. Bowers in thus instituting a boycott upon a purely fraternal and benevolent organization like the New York Press Club.

Valerie;

OR,

HALF A TRUTH.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

"But I must," said he, smiling at her distress, which was infinitely witching. "Do you imagine I could put you inside some shop and leave you there all drenched for cold and fever to soak into you? Come worse to worse, the wife of one of my men should look after you; but I shall take you to Mrs. Fanshawe. She is a friend of mine. I am afraid there is nothing for you but the soldier's virtue of obedience."

"I ought to have it by inheritance," said Valerie, smiling.

"How? Are you a soldier's daughter?" asked the other, with an eagerness that the girl might have felt as flattering had she been more of a coquette. gray eyes! it made his heart beat faster. "Why," he said, "how could you be so afraid of going to Mrs. Fanshawe? You have a claim on her—on any soldier or soldier's wife."

"Would she feel like that?" asked Valerie, wistfully.

"Ay, she does feel so."

As he spoke he drew rein.

"We are almost in the town, now," he said. "The General's house is not far from here."

He lifted Valerie to the ground, and then dismounted, slipped his horse's bridle over his arm, and they walked on briskly into the now deserted High Street.

"My people will be so anxious," said Valerie, "but it cannot be helped."

"I will send an orderly over with a message, if you will give me your address."

"In this storm? Oh! no—no."

He laughed.

"Soldiers are not made of plaster, you know," he said, quizzically.

"Yes, I do know, but anyhow I will wait a little; the storm may give over, and then I can return home myself."

"I will drive you home when you are able to go, if you will let me."

"I could not be so encroaching! Don't ask me that, please."

"Encroaching!" repeated the other, biting his lip under his moustache. What an innocent specimen of humanity this girl was! "If there is any encroachment, it is on my side, for asking the favor."

A slight wave of color crossed the girl's cheek. It just dawned upon her that there was—from his point of view—no polite fiction involved in her companion's last words; but that was all the more reason for yielding the point.

"You have been too kind already," she said, simply; "but I suppose you must have your way; and thank you very, very much."

"Thank you, Miss Herbert. Here we are."

He turned up a street of private houses, and paused before the door of a large red-brick house at the corner.

Valerie glanced up nervously at the array of windows as her cavalier rang the bell, sounding a peal that must have resounded from cellar to garret.

There were quick steps within, and the door was opened by a man-servant, who started and stared in wonderment.

"Captain Beauregard!" he exclaimed.

The captain drew Valerie into the hall.

"Run for Mrs. Fanshawe, Robert," he said. "This young lady must be seen to at once. I am in no plight for a drawing-room. Are you chilled?" he added, bending down to Valerie as the servant vanished; her cheeks were glowing, her eyes shining.

"No," she said, "not in the least."

"That's right. Ah! here she comes!"

Valerie shrank back a little, as a stout, elderly lady, with a most pleasant face, full of concern, appeared, quickly descending the broad stairs; but Captain Beauregard exclaimed, laughing:

"Mrs. Fanshawe, I have brought you a storm-beaten fairy to take care of."

"My dear Max," said she, gaining the hall, and looking in wonder and (he could see) great admiration at Valerie, "what has happened? My poor child, you must be drenched to the skin! Come with me *at once!*"

"I found her in the lane two miles off," explained Captain Beauregard, "overtaken by the storm. I knew I did right to bring her here. I'll ride off to barracks now, and make myself presentable."

"Of course you did right to bring her here! Come back as soon as you're ready."

"Oh, take this cloak, please!" said Valerie; "it will shelter you a little."

"Allow me," he said, as she raised her hands to unclasp the cloak.

She looked up straight into his eyes in that instant with a look of deep, earnest gratitude, that made his heart bound within him with a throb of such gladness as he had never yet known. But he smiled, shaking his head, deprecating the unspoken thanks, took her hand for a second, then turned and shook hands with Mrs. Fanshawe, threw the cloak over his shoulders, and, with a parting "*au revoir*," went out.

So, a passing thunderstorm had perchance changed the whole current to two lives. What would Valerie Herbert's future have been if she had not that day met Max Beauregard? and did she ever learn to wish that she had turned backward instead of onward, when the roll of the thunder warned her of approaching danger?

CHAPTER V.—A NEW WORLD.

Captain Beauregard had clearly given Mrs. Fanshawe no more than her due, when he declared that she would be in her element taking care of anyone.

Summoning her maid, the General's wife hurried off Valerie to a large bed-room, where she had the girl's wet clothes removed and taken down to be dried.

"And bring up a cup of hot tea," added Mrs. Fanshawe, to the maid. "And then we must see how to clothe this young lady. Not easy," surveying the fragile-looking creature before her. "I have no daughters, you see; there are only my clothes, and they will hardly fit."

So, for the time, Valerie was enveloped in a dressing-gown, and Mrs. Fanshawe went to seek some garment more appropriate to the drawing-room. Presently she returned with a gorgeous tea-gown over her arm, and found Valerie drinking her tea, while the maid was proffering her a pair of shoes.

"If you don't mind wearing them, miss," she said; "they are much too big, of course, but I'm small and thin, so you could manage to get along in them, I think."

"If I don't mind?" repeated Valerie; "it is very kind of you to offer the shoes. Yes," putting her pretty feet, clothed in hose vastly too big, into the shoes, "they will do beautifully. Thank you so much. Oh! Mrs. Fanshawe," as the lady came forward, "I wish you would not take so much trouble, you make me so unhappy."

"Nonsense, my dear; I wish I could do better for you. This tea-gown is monstrous; but then, as it is loose, it can be made more presentable by a sash round the middle. Is it long enough? Yes, you're taller than I am; but I am stout. There, I declare that looks splendid."

The robe was a rich crimson color, with a deep border of pale yellow flowers; and Valerie, with her pure, creamy skin, deep gray eyes, and golden-brown tresses; looked wonderfully beautiful.

"And you don't know anything about me," said the girl, smiling at her hostess' frank admiration. "You wouldn't let me tell you."

"Not till you were dried and clothed. Now, you can sit down and finish your tea, and tell me all about it; and then you must come down and see my husband. Captain Beauregard will be here by-and-by."

She drew the girl to a seat by her side, and took the little hand in both her own.

Valerie kissed them impulsively, with tears in her soft eyes.

"How good you are to me!" she said, tremulously.

"I shall scold you, my dear, if you say such things. Now tell me are you a wandering princess?"

"No, Mrs. Fanshawe, I am Valerie Herbert—Major Edmund Herbert's daughter."

"Major Herbert's daughter?" Mrs. Fanshawe put her arm about the girl, and kissed her. "Why, you are not a stranger, then, my dear, but a comrade. I never saw him, but I know his name; and no wonder you are a beauty; your mother was lovely—all the men used to rave about her. You must be like her!"

Valerie opened her great eyes in genuine astonishment.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Fanshawe!" she said.

"Pooh! you are a child!" said the lady, laughing off what, it flashed across her, was not, perhaps, a very prudent speech, "And what were you doing when Captain Beauregard found you—making fairy-rings?"

"That must be done by moonlight," said Valerie, gravely. "No! I was walking from Welford, where I live with my uncle, and the storm overtook me."

"And Beauregard whipped you up on the saddle before him—that would be his way," said Mrs. Fanshawe, laughing.

"Yes, he did; but we walked in the town."

"A veritable adventure. Didn't you enjoy it?"

"Yes; it was great fun!" said Valerie, her bright eyes dancing. "But Captain Beauregard must have got his uniform spoilt."

Mrs. Fanshawe rose, and walked to the window.

"Don't make yourself uneasy on that head," she said, smiling, "he wouldn't mind spoiling fifty uniforms in such service. But how about your uncle, my dear? Won't he be anxious?"

"Yes," said Valerie, timidly, "but I can't let him know I am safe; Captain Beauregard said he would send an orderly, but I can't bear for anyone to go in this storm. It may cease soon."

"If it does not, you will have to yield the point, my dear. Max Beauregard always gets his own way!"

"He looks as if he did!" said Valerie, with *naivete*.

"Doesn't he? Ah! he's a vast favorite of mine—and of everybody's. The men will do any mortal thing for him. Come, now, to the drawing-room."

Valerie followed her kind hostess to a large, handsomely-furnished room; and a tall, fine-looking man of about sixty, with iron-gray hair, and rugged, but benevolent face, arose from an arm-chair, and came forward.

"Robert," said his wife, "this is Major Herbert's daughter—Edmund Herbert, you know."

"Is she?" exclaimed the General, clasping the girl's hands warmly in both his own. "Then, my dear, if you could be more welcome than you are for your own sake, it would be for your father's."

Valerie's eyes were blind with tears. Such kindness as this deprived her of all power of speech; but the General patted her gently on the shoulder, and drew her into a seat beside him.

"Now, I am going to have a talk with you," he said, "I want to know all about this adventure."

Valerie repeated what she had told Mrs. Fanshawe.

"So you had a ride into town?" said he, laughing. "Now, young lady, confess that you wanted to catch a glimpse of your old friends—the soldiers, eh?"

"Yes; I did!" confessed the girl, honestly, though she colored. "I thought some of them might be marching out, and—"

But the General's merry laughter cut her short.

"Well, you had your wish, hadn't you?" he said, "and you caught the best-looking of 'em all—oh! fie! fie!"

"Don't tease, Robert," said his wife, for the girl, though she laughed, colored still more deeply. "I won't have it."

"Miss Herbert won't mind an old fellow's joke, will she?" said General Fanshawe, patting the little delicate hand that lay on her knee.

"No, indeed!" she said, looking up earnestly. "I know it is only fun."

"Then you forgive me, and we're fast friends? Ah! there's a knock—that's Beau."

A minute later the door opened, and, unannounced, Captain Beauregard walked in.

"Well, knight-errant," cried the General, holding out his hand, "here is the persecuted damsel, not much the worse for her adventure, I fancy."

"I am sure I hope not!" said Beauregard, turning to Valerie, and clasping her hand in his, while his quick, keen glance took in the whole picture, exquisite in form and color—the loose gown sashed in at the waist marvelously suited the slender shape—"it would be a bad ending to an adventure."

"Which will make all the other fellows jealous of you," said the General.

"*Sans doute*," returned Beauregard, taking the vacant place beside Valerie. "The storm is much less now; it was hardly raining when I came."

"Then I can return home soon?" said Valerie, in a low tone.

"No hurry," he answered, coolly. "I have sent my orderly over to Welford with a message to your uncle."

"Oh! Captain Beauregard, you should not—and you didn't know where to send."

"I think I should; and the name would be quite enough in a village."

"I told you he would have his own way," said Mrs. Fanshawe. "Max, ring the bell for tea."

Valerie turned to her willful cavalier a half-distressed, but very grateful, face.

"It was most kind of you to send," she said. "What message did you give?"

"That you were safe in Donnington, and the guest of Mrs. Fanshawe; and that some time this evening you would be driven home. Was that right?"

"Yes; thank you so much!"

Tea was just then brought in, and Mrs. Fanshawe, commencing operations, asked Captain Beauregard what reply he had brought from the Mortons.

"Delighted, of course," he answered. "The two young ladies gushed very much about you; thought you '*most* charming!'"

"Indeed! Didn't they want you to stay?"

"They did me that honor. I am very glad I didn't."

"We are going to give a regimental ball," said Mrs. Fanshawe, in explanation, to Valerie, "and Captain Beauregard, who was on duty to-day, rode off when he was free, to carry an invitation to Mrs. and the Misses Morton, at Antwell. Do you know them?"

"Only by name," replied Valerie, smiling inwardly at the idea of the poor inmates of the Limes knowing the grandees at Antwell.

"They seem nice people. I hope you have no engagement for the —th of July," pursued Mrs. Fanshawe, "for I want you to give us the pleasure of your company."

"I!" said the girl, almost catching her breath, and flushing all over with delight and astonishment. "Oh! you are too kind to ask me; but"—the sweet lips quivered—the young voice shook a little—"I don't think I can come; indeed I know I cannot," she added bravely.

"But you must," said Max Beauregard, very low. "I have promised myself three dances at least."

"Do you mean that you have another engagement?" asked Mrs. Fanshawe, pouring out the tea, and not thinking anything of the sort.

"No, Mrs. Fanshawe. I should like to come so much. I have never been to a ball in my life. It isn't that. Only," said Valerie, with a choking feeling in her throat, and something very like tears glittering on her long lashes, "I have no one to come with. My uncle would not go to a ball for anyone; and—and I don't know how I could get here, either."

"Is that all?" said Mrs. Fanshawe, with a sunny smile. "That little difficulty is soon surmounted; I can send our carriage for you early, and you can come back here, and go to the town-hall with us."

"Oh!" cried the girl, clasping her hands, "I cannot let you do that, Mrs. Fanshawe."

"Miss Herbert," interrupted Captain Beauregard, gravely, "the resolution has been put and carried *nem. con.* Tea and cake are the next subjects on the paper. Allow me?" handing her the articles specified; and the General laid a caressing hand on the girl's golden curls.

"We couldn't spare you!" he said. "Out of the question! Why, you'll be the 'belle of the ball!' Don't you give Beau too many dances; keep some for the others, or there'll be mischief."

So Valerie was obliged to yield—willingly enough, it must be allowed. And, after all, she was to have her wish—to go to a ball, and, above everything, a military ball. She admitted, in confidence, to Captain Beauregard, how much she had desired this, and now her desire had come about quite, as it seemed, by chance.

"If there is such a thing as chance," said he.

What a happy evening that was to Valerie! How often she looked back upon it afterward with vain regret!

Louis Charteris was, somehow, not actually forgotten, but relegated to the background. Certainly Max Beauregard was a man more formed than simple, country-bred Louis to win a woman's or a girl's imagination—handsome, brilliant, a man of the world, and a soldier, who though no more than thirty, had seen much service, done brave deeds, and won glory in "many a foughten field."

Valerie was opening her young eyes upon a new world—a world that seemed to her very bright and dazzling, full of light and color; and Captain Beauregard's voice was so soft and finely modulated, and he talked as Louis could not talk. Of course he was older and more intellectual, and had had longer and more varied experience; but that only accounted for facts, it did not alter them. Poor Louis!

But shortly after dinner (the storm had long ceased), Valerie asked if she could return home now; she ought not to be late.

"You will be early if you leave here at nine," said Mrs. Fanshawe. "Captain Beauregard is going to drive you over, isn't he? Your uncle knows where you are. Shall John take a message to your quarters, Max, to send up the dogcart?"

"Thanks—yes."

The message was sent and at nine o'clock Valerie went up with Mrs. Fanshawe's maid to be arrayed in her own garments; but the General's wife insisted on adding thereunto a warm mantle; and she took the girl in her arms, and kissed her affectionately.

"You must let me come and see you soon, dear," said she; "and you must come and see me."

And Valerie put her arms round the kind lady's neck, and could only whisper, brokenly:

"I can't thank you—I can't speak!"

"I shall want a kiss, too, you know," said the General. "This sort of thing won't do, Miss Valerie; its putting stumbling-blocks in your neighbor's way."

"I don't mind," said she, turning round to him with a happy smile.

"Don't you? Then I am sure I don't," said he; and he took her hands and kissed her. "And mind we see you very, very often, my dear!"

And he took her down to the door, where Captain Beauregard was waiting for her; and without stood a spruce dogcart, with a handsome and very spirited chestnut horse.

Beauregard lifted the girl to her place, and mounted beside her; there was a last basso "good-night" from the door, and silvery response from the dogcart, and off went the chestnut, at exactly the pace—and no faster—his driver chose. Max Beauregard was a first-rate whip, and the horse must be of a new type that could master him.

CHAPTER VI.—THROUGH THE LANES.

The air was clean and fresh, and filled with the sweet, earthy smell that follows rain; but there was no moon, and in the narrow lanes, often overshadowed by trees, it was very dark, which was, perhaps, the reason why Captain Beauregard kept his impatient horse at the easiest of trots, though, even where there was more light, the pace was not mended, and Valerie either put this down to over-caution on her account, or preferred not to ask questions "for conscience' sake."

Truly, this was happiness, this drive in the sweet June night. Valerie felt as if she were in a dream, and maybe her companion felt the same, for he did not offer to break the silence between them, till they were more than a mile from Donnington; then, bending down a little, he said, softly:

"You will promise me those three dances, Miss Herbert, will you not?"

"Yes," she said, simply; "that is not much, is it, in return for all your kindness?"

That innocent answer brought a smile to Max Beauregard's handsome mouth, a flash into his dark hazel eyes.

"I think," he said, "that it is far, far more than I deserve, for I deserve nothing; but since you consider it so little, you tempt me to——"

"Oh, Captain Beauregard," cried the girl, laughing, "I didn't mean that! You don't think me so conceited, do you? I don't put things well, I know. I have not lived in the world; I didn't mean to imply——"

There she stopped, at a loss; Captain Beauregard came to her rescue:

"I understood you perfectly. I simply, with my usual audacity, took advantage of your lack of self-appreciation. Will you forgive me?"

"If there is anything to forgive."

"Miss Herbert, I am trying to feel penitent, and you won't let me; you drive away all my good resolutions."

"Do I? But what can I do? I only say what I feel."

"Then good-by to my last struggle for self-rebuke. I shall make my list four."

Out rippled the girl's silvery laugh, though she colored, too.

"If you like," she said.

"If I like! And one is to be the first waltz after supper?"

"Very well."

"A thousand thanks."

Silence again. Presently Beauregard spoke.

"I know most of the way," he said, "but I suppose you can guide me if I am wrong. Here are two roads"—he pulled up—"which goes to Welford?"

"This to the right," said Valerie. "It is scarcely half a mile from here."

"And the other?—doesn't it fetch round to Welford sooner or later?"

"Yes, only it is quite two miles out of the way."

Beauregard paused.

"It is not very late," he said, in a low tone. "May I not take the longer route?"

Valerie drew a quick breath; her lips parted; she raised her dark eyes, shining like stars in the gloom, to her companion's face—wistful, mischievous eyes, that said, in that look, "Ought I? It would be so nice!"

And Captain Beauregard smiled, and turned his horse's head into the two miles' road.

But even that road came to an end at last, and, with a mental sigh, man and girl saw the church-spire of Welford looming up against the night sky; and Valerie pointed out the way to the Limes.

"You will come in and see uncle Will, won't you, Captain Beauregard?" she said. "He will be up still. We are not very early people."

"I should have great pleasure in doing so, but I am afraid to leave this fellow—Faust. He would be off like a shot on very small provocation. So I must ask you to make my excuses. I hope you will allow me to call in a day or two?"

He pulled up before the wicket-gate as he spoke.

"Oh! yes; please call," said Valerie earnestly. "And thank you very much for bringing me home. It was a delightful drive!"

He had lifted her to the ground, and bared his head now as he took her hand in his.

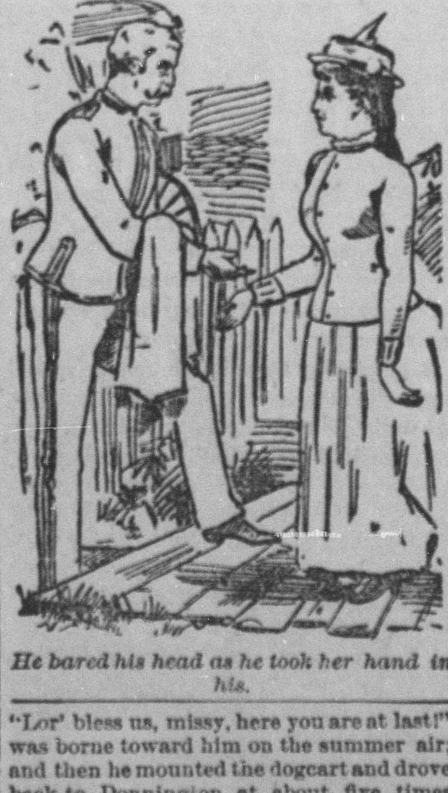
"Was it?" he said. "I am so glad to hear you say that, for I know I never enjoyed a drive so much; and you did me great honor in allowing me to escort you."

Valerie had no idea of accepting this speech as serious truth. Captain Beauregard must have enjoyed many drives much more, and was not likely to esteem it "an honor" to escort home a girl who must appear to him scarcely more than an unsophisticated child. So she smiled and shook her head, as deprecating the compliments; but was too courteous and too grateful to him to even imply that he was only playing off his society speeches on a country girl.

"What pretty things you say, Captain Beauregard!" she said. "Good-night."

"Is not truth always pretty—or more—beautiful? I am sure I have only spoken to you unvarnished truth. Good-night."

He bent and touched his lips to her hand before he released it, and watched her flitting up the garden path—watched till he heard the house-door open, and a hearty "Lor' bless us, missy, here you are at last!" was borne toward him on the summer air; and then he mounted the dogcart and drove back to Donnington at about five times the pace he had driven on the outward journey.



He bared his head as he took her hand in his.

Molly followed her young mistress into the dining-room, where the latter was a little startled to see, not only her uncle, but Louis Charteris.

He caught her hands in his, and gazed at her as if she had at that minute been rescued from death.

"Valerie!" he exclaimed. "Valerie!"

"Why, Louis!" she said, laughingly, "I am all right—haven't been struck by lightning or anything," and she drew her hands away, and turned to her uncle, who embraced her more warmly than was his wont.

"And how did you come home?" he said. "Who brought you?"

"Captain Beauregard drove me in his dogcart; he wouldn't come in because he couldn't leave the horse, but he's going to call."

"Who's Captain Beauregard?" asked Louis, with a quick frown.

"He is Captain in th —th, you know, Louis. Such a handsome fellow—and you can't think how nice he is. I'll tell you all about my adventures. You stop, Molly, and hear."

She threw off her hat (quite spoiled by the rain), and, sitting down at her uncle's feet, told her story from the beginning—a story which failed to please Louis Charteris; but Mr. Herbert said the Fanshawes had indeed been most kind, and he was glad Mrs. Fanshawe was going to call, that he might thank her himself.

"And wasn't Captain Beauregard good to me?" said Valerie, earnestly. "It was he who sent the orderly—his own man—didn't you know that?"

"The message came as from Mrs. Fanshawe, my dear, which was delicate thoughtfulness on Captain Beauregard's part. He must be Beauregard of Abbot's Leigh—one of the few remaining Norman families. Hand me that 'Country Gentry,' Charteris; it is ten years old, but it will serve my purpose."

Louis handed down the volume; and Valerie raised herself on her knees, and, turning to the name "Beauregard," read out the particulars:

Yes, there they were; Beauregard—first of the name had had conferred upon him the manor of Leigh, ——shire, A. D. 1126; and coming down to recent times, Gerald Walter Beauregard married Agnes, third daughter of seventh Earl of ——, and had issue Gerald Walter (present owner of Abbot's Leigh), and Max Eustace, the dates of birth showing eight years between the brothers.

"I remember," said Uncle Will, closing the book, "that Gerald Beauregard married, about three years ago, Lady Elinor Musgrove; so this brother has no chance of inheriting one of the finest estates in the country."

"It's just as well; perhaps he'd give up the army, and that would be a shame!" exclaimed Valerie. "And oh, Louis, I am going to a military ball, after all. They wouldn't take no, uncle Will; and Mrs. Fanshawe will send for me."

"Well, we'll hear all about it to-morrow," said Mr. Herbert. "Now we must go to bed."

Louis was to stay the night.

So good-nights were said, and the quartette separated, Valerie somewhat perplexed by Louis' lack of sympathy.

She had thought he would be so glad to hear she had enjoyed herself—she would be glad if the cases were reversed—but, instead, he was quite sullen, and hardly said a word. That wasn't like Louis.

Poor child! it showed how ignorantly she had pledged her future—that she so little understood the real nature of love as to marvel at and be grieved by Louis' want of "sympathy" in her day's adventures, and prospects of future enjoyment. He would be a rarely-constituted lover who could find it pleasant for his lady-love to be taken out of his own hands, as it were, by a handsome, attractive man like Max Beauregard, driving through the lanes with him, and evidently very happy in his company. But there was no jealousy in Valerie's love, which proved it was no more than sisterly.

Louis wished the "whole lot" at Donnington would be ordered off somewhere within a week; and was firmly convinced that all the officers, and Captain Beauregard in particular, were flirts, and Valerie would get no good by going to their balls, and being fussed over, and made much of.

CHAPTER VII.—A CALL—WELCOME AND UNWELCOME.

Two days later Mrs. Fanshawe called at the Limes, and received Mr. Herbert's thanks for her kindness to Valerie.

"Oh! please don't speak of thanks," she said, "but I hope your niece won't be disappointed of the ball, for there are rumors of war in Egypt, and of our regiment being ordered out. But perhaps it won't be till after the —th."

It would have been a glad hearing for Louis, had he been present, that the obnoxious garrison were likely to leave Donnington shortly; but he was not at the Limes that day. He came, however, in the afternoon of the following day, asking Valerie if she would go out for a walk. She was standing by the gate, and looked a little doubtful.

"I don't know. Oh, Louis! Mrs. Fanshawe called yesterday, and she says the —th may be ordered out to Egypt; there is likely to be war!"

The young man's eyes flashed, but he put his arm about the girl, and said softly:

"And if they went, what then? Why should you care?"

"Why *shouldn't* I care, Louis—in one way?"

"You mean—you would lose the ball?"

"Partly. Hark! What's that?"

Approaching hoof-strokes. Valerie drew herself from her lover's arm, and leaned over the gate, looking along the lane.

"Oh!" she said, suddenly, in a tone of delight, "it is Captain Beauregard!"

Charteris drew back a step, and viciously slashed a rose-bush with his stick, scattering several promising buds; but Valerie paid no heed to him; she was watching the approaching horseman. Another moment, and she had opened the gate, stepping forward a little, and Captain Beauregard saw her, and raised his hat, bowing low.

Then the bay horse was reined up, and Louis Charteris had a full view of the rider—tall, slight, every inch a soldier in his gallant bearing; and strikingly handsome in feature; nothing of the "puppy" about this man, but all that blending of soldier and courtier—or, in modern phrase—man of society—which has a charm for all, but a special charm for women. The Captain's keen glance went straight over Valerie's golden head to the young man behind her; and the swift mental question, "Who is that?" was not put with absolute indifference, nor was it altogether an agreeable surprise to find Valerie in another fellow's company.

But Valerie was glad to see him—her innocent heart had nothing to hide, and her shining eyes and smiling lips showed frankly her pleasure.

"I could not get away before to-day," said Beauregard, springing to the ground, and clasping the girl's outstretched hand in his, "but I heard from Mrs. Fanshawe yesterday that the drenching had done you no harm, and now I see for myself."

"*I am not made of plaster, Captain Beauregard,*" said the girl, roguishly, recalling his speech about the orderly; then turning toward Louis—"Mr. Charteris—Captain Beauregard!"

Beauregard held out his hand, and the action and the manner of it won Louis in spite of himself.

"I am glad," he said, "to have an opportunity of thanking you, Captain Beauregard, for your kindness to Valerie."

"Thanks, Mr. Charteris," returned the other, laughing, "for squaring the circle."

He hitched Prince's bridle over the gate-post as he spoke, and Valerie went and patted the animal's glossy neck caressingly—Louis came also to admire. Prince was a noble specimen of his race.

"And a better friend than most men would be," said his master, giving the horse a parting caress as he turned to follow Valerie toward the house.

Mr. Herbert received him with old-fashioned and somewhat stiff courtesy. Uncle Will was not a genial man, but somehow Max Beauregard succeeded, in a little while, in making him unbend more than he had ever done before to a stranger; and Valerie saw that the captain had that rare power of sympathy which can take an interest in what interests others—not merely the courteous hypocrisy of good-breeding, but a sympathy genuine, if temporary. The instinct of a kindred nature taught Valerie to perceive this distinction; certainly not worldly experience.

Captain Beauregard knew nothing of botany (this he frankly owned), and also he cared nothing; but Mr. Herbert certainly believed that he cared a good deal, and he scored many more good marks in Valerie's mental tablets by his courteous attention to the old recluse's disquisitions, and the questions he asked, as though he were an inquirer in the (to him) really uncongenial world of floriculture.

But presently the approaching war came on the *tapis*, and Louis asked if the —th was likely to be ordered for service.

"I think so—I hope so!" said Captain Beauregard. "We expect to be among the first. But I hope also that we shall be able to have the ball—it is the end of next week, so I dare say we shall manage it. I hope you will honor us, Mr. Charteris, if you will forgive an informal invitation."

"I shall be delighted!" replied Louis, his fair face flushing with pleasure; "and as for formalities, they are not much in my line."

"Nor in mine, faith!"

Exit botany, and enter frivolity, and the ball, and the various people invited held the ground for some minutes. Then tea came in, and shortly after Captain Beauregard took his leave.

Louis Charteris was an old friend, the playmate of Valerie's childhood—so much he knew: brother and sister? Yes, sister Valerie; but Louis' manner to the girl was not that of a brother. Captain Beauregard frowned and bit his lip as he rode onward. It ought not to be any concern of his what Hecuba was to Louis, or Louis to Hecuba—but it was. The girl had fairly fascinated him; her very innocence and childlike *insouciance* had a charm for the man of the world, used to see even girls in their teens fully aware of any advantages they possessed, and quite able to take care of themselves and their worldly interests.

Perhaps when Valerie was launched into that perilous sea of "society," she would, like country-bred Julia, stand the test "as snow stands fire," and "play the city lady to the height."

But, be the future what it might, Captain Max Beauregard was certainly allowing the fairy maiden he had rescued from the storm to occupy a large share of his thoughts.

Meantime Louis had been trying to obtain promises of dances from Valerie.

"But I can't pledge you more than two, Louis," she said; "one must not dance so much with an old friend."

"Why not? Well, let me have the first waltz after supper?"

"Oh! I promised that to Captain Beauregard."

Louis uttered an impatient exclamation.

"Only that?" he asked.

"No; three others!"

"Four! And you only give me two!" exclaimed the young man, hotly.

Valerie flushed up. She was by no means of a meek temper.

"If you choose to be absurd, Louis," she said, turning away, "you can be."

Whereat Louis was her bounden slave once more. But he resolved Captain Beauregard should know Valerie was engaged.

CHAPTER VIII. — CAPTAIN BEAUREGARD'S GIFT.

The day of the ball came; and as yet, though war had broken out two days ago in the East, and all the talk in the regiment at Donnington was of war, no orders had arrived from headquarters.

Mrs. Fanshawe's carriage called in good time for Valerie, and when she presented herself to say good-bye to her uncle, even that undemonstrative person told her she "looked lovely," while Molly went into raptures. Yet probably Valerie's would be the simplest gown in the town hall that night. It was of cream cashmere, made after the fashion of Marguerite's, in "Faust," with a rich girdle of Indian workmanship, that had belonged to Valerie's mother. Jewels the girl had none, and did not need them. Had she not her glorious youth, her picture-like beauty, and the wealth of her glittering tresses?

Louis had sent her a lovely bouquet, and Valerie drove off in high spirits, with all manner of dazzling visions floating before her young eyes. If she could have looked only a few short months into the future! But for the young there is only the near horizon.

When she reached General Fanshawe's house she was conducted straight up to her hostess' dressing-room, where the General's wife was under the hands of her maid; garments, jewels, and the various paraphernalia of a lady's wardrobe littered all about.

"How do you do, my dear?" said Mrs. Fanshawe, taking Valerie's hands, and kissing her warmly. "Now, off with your mantle, and let's look at you. Stand off—that's right!"

The mantle was dropped, and Mrs. Fanshawe uttered an exclamation under her breath.

"Heavens! what beauty!" Then, after a pause of gratified survey: "My dear, you're simply perfect! Was it your own taste to have the gown made in that style?"

"Yes, Mrs. Fanshawe."

"Then you are an artist! Simply perfect! Now, sit down and have some tea—it is on a little table yonder. Oh! you have flowers?"

"Yes," returned Valerie, smiling, though a little surprised at the remark.

She sat down and drank some tea, but did not touch the cake or biscuits provided also; she was too excited to eat.

"When you have finished," said Mrs. Fanshawe, while her maid laced the bodice of her rich blue satin gown, "come and open this box on the dressing-table. I must deliver my message, however you decide."

Valerie glanced at the box, wondering very much what it might contain; and presently she rose, and advanced a little timidly, to the table.

It was a cardboard box she was told to open, and the girl removed string and paper, with changing color, but no suspicion of what the cover might conceal.

THE OFFICE BOY.

His Development as Exhibited by Remarks of the Senior Partner.

These are the remarks of Mr. Scuff, senior partner of the firm of Scuff & Bumper, showing his opinion of the new office boy:

Monday—The new-office boy is a perfect treasure. The first thing he did when he had a moment of leisure was to wash out my inkstand. It hadn't been cleaned for a year, and it was a real pleasure to write when nice, fresh ink was put in. While I waa at lunch Johnnie dusted off my desk and put everything in its place. He's the best office boy I ever had, polite and obliging, and very neat in appearance.

Tuesday—Yes, I think Johnnie is a model office boy. He was here this morning bright and early, and had my desk as neat as a new pin, and everything in its place when I arrived. He said: "Good morning, Mr. Scuff," in such a gentlemanly manner, too. His appearance was hardly as neat as on yesterday, but I can overlook that if he continues punctual and does his duty satisfactorily.

Wednesday—Johnnie was half an hour late this morning. He said his mother neglected to call him as early as usual. I hope it will not occur again. As a consequence my desk wasn't dusted, for I hadn't time to leave it while Johnnie put things to rights.

Thursday—Johnnie was here when I arrived this morning, but I noticed that my desk wasn't dusted. He was reading the morning paper when I came in, and didn't offer to get up.

Friday—Johnnie takes an unconscionably long time to go of an errand. He managed to put in a whole hour this morning going not more than five blocks.

Saturday—Johnnie is making a great nuisance of himself as a whistler. At first he was nice and quiet, but he seems to have outgrown that.

Monday—Oh, yes; I had to discharge Johnnie. He wasted his time awfully. Why, on Satnrday he consumed three-quarters of an hour goiug half a square to the post-office. And then, he never pretended to mind anything I said, and I couldn't get to see the morning paper until after he had read it. Then he whistled all day long when he was in the office, and regularly distracted me. He was no good, and I had to discharge him. You don't know where I could get a good, reliable bov, do you?—Judge.

PITH AND POINT.

—Criminal Thoughtlessness.—Speaker (in Montreal)—"Ladies—and—cashiers, I beg to——" [No flowers sent.]—Harvard Lampoon.

—Opinions are to the mind what furniture is to a house. It isn't economy to have more than you know what to do with.—Washington Star.

—"Oh, why do summer roses fade?"
A poet asked one day
"Because," the grosser mortal said—
"Because they're built that way."

—Harper's Bazar.

—There are plenty of men who, if placed "between the devil and the deep sea," would not stand the least chance of being drowned.—Indianapolis Journal.

—When a young lady offers to hem a cambric handkerchief for a rich bachelor friend, you can set it down that she means to sew in order that she may reap—Judy.

—"Strange, but true," mused the victim of untoward events, "that crooked management too often produces straightened circumstances."—Baltimore American.

—Chappie—"What's this, old fel? You are not dining at two in the ahftahnoon, are you?" Cholly—"Yahs, that's all cowwect. I've found out that when it's two in New York it's seven in deah old Lunnon, doncher know."—Town Topics.

Of all the bores I ever met.
He maketh me most sad
Who relates his petty vices
To make me think he's bad.

—N. Y. Herald.

—Poor English.—Teach (of class in syntax)—"Correct the sentence: He uses awful bad English" Pupil (after a severe struggle with it)—"He uses English awful bad."—Chicago Tribune.

—Another burglar, who must have been a stranger in these diggins, broke into our room last night, but all we get out of him was seventy-five cents. Some of these burglars ain't worth robbing!—Billville Banner.

"Why did Miss Antique leave the hotel?" "She was insulted. Somebody asked her if Noah was a pretty baby."

Spatts—"Mr. Searles says Mrs. Hopkins proposed to him." Bloobumper—"Did she do it verbally, or did her money talk?"

Miriam—"What do you keep the horrid pet monkey for, May?" May—"O, because it amuses mamma when papa is away."

A Bad Dog.

Two fashionable ladies were conversing about the coming holiday season and other topics a few days ago, when one of them said there was a very dangerous dog in her neighborhood.

"Has he bitten anybody?" asked one of the ladies.

"Yerterday he caught a little pig by the ear and bit it terribly."

"Is that so? If he is that kind of a dog I'm not going to let my children play in that neighborhood."

"Nor mine either."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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HIS HAPPY LOOK.

A Case Wher he Made the Mistake of His Life.

"Say, boy!" called out an excited man, of middle age, rushing fourth from one of the tall office buildings on Dearnborn street yesterday afternoon, says the Chicago *Tribune*, "what will you take for your whole stock of those infernal things?"

The boy had been standing on the sidewalk in front of the building all day, rasping a calliope whistle back and forth across his mouth, stopping only when somebody wanted to buy one, and beginning again with renewed energy when the sale was completed.

He counted up the wihstles he had on hand, made a rapid mental calculation and replied:

"I'll take a dollar 'naf fur de lot."

"If I buy all you've got will you go away from here and not come back any more?" asked the excited man.

Sure! I go out o' de business."

Hand them over. Hold on! I want the one you're blowing, too. Here's your money."

"All right, boss. Here's the goods."

He turned over his entire stock, pocketed his $1.50 and disappeared.

The middle-aged man went inside the building with his load of calliope whistles, and a few minutes later he was at his desk near one of the front windows in the third story. The wooden whistles, broken to fragments, were in his waste basket, and a look of peace, to which he had long been a stranger, was on his face.

Fifteen minutes had passed away—fifteen quiet, peaceful, happy minutes.

Then a wind, horrible, agonizing, yet strangely familiar sound broke on his ear.

He raised the window and looked out.

The sidewalk directly below was black with a struggling mass of boys. Each boy was loaded down with calliope whistles and each was blowing one of the instruments of torture with all his might. The uproar was frightful and getting worse every moment.

Then the peaceful, happy look faded out of the middle-aged man's face. He shut down the window, closed his desk, put on his hat and overcoat, went out of the building by the back stairs and faded away presently in the gloom of Randolph street.

He had made the mistake of his life.

Her Habits are Formed.

"There is one advantage a man has by marrying a widow."

"What's that?"

"She has made all her experiments in cookery on her first husband, so the second one won't have to pass through that ordeal, hence he stands a better chance of living."—Dansville Breeze.

Ostracised.

Mrs. Hooper—What is the matter, Willie? Don't you speak to the little Mildmay boy any more?

Willie Hooper—No; he's not in it with us boys now.

"How is that?"

"We cought him studying his Sunday-school lesson."—Puck.

It turns out that Kentucky's much advertised 40,000,000 gallon whisky surplus is "all moonshine" after all.—Chicago Mail.

An Arizona man is looking for a tenderfoot who stole his best pony. The Arizona man will draw on him at sight.—Peck's Sun.

Light travels at the rate of 186,360 miles per second, or a little faster than the street car you are waiting for.—Chicago Press.

Every American boy may hope to be president, so he should conduct his life in the fear of heaven and the opposition newspapers.—Puck.

What is wanted now is a nickel-in-the-slot machine to register how much the fellow don't know who tells the editor the proper way to run his paper.—Washington Hatchet.

The ancient Egyptians used to glue the mummies of their ancestors to the walls of their household. These are the earliest instances of "stuck up" men and women on record.—National Weekly.

When you meet a man with a breath on him that would "stunt" the growth of corn, he invariably wants to get close to you while in conversation, so you may get the full benefit of it.—Texas Siftings.

Foot ball was a game of the early Romans, but it produced so many fatalities, the substituted for it the milder and less harmful gladiatorial contests.—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

The young man who got acquainted with his girl early in the summer, and who has done all his courting over the front gate, now begins to quake as he realizes how much nearer the street the gate is than the front parlor.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Chicago has 1,900 policemen and 345 of them are not Irishmen.

"Have we a literature?" asks the New York Press. Yes, brother, we think you have a little, a very little, perhaps.

Tea is now successfully raised in North Carolina, but the expense of picking and curing it will prevent its cultivation from becoming a leading industry.

Mrs. Anna Besant, the theosophical prophetess, announces that in time, science will discover a means of materializing thought. It will not then be necessary to tell a man what you think of him. You can materialize your thoughts and send them to him packed in a box. When the consignees receive some of the boxes that we will send out in the good time coming, there will be a circus such as the world has never seen.

PLUCK OF A HAWK.

His Vigorous Fight With Two Huntere in the Maine Woods.

An Auburn business man and a friend were out hunting the other day, says the Lewistown *Journal*. A big hawk flew over their heads and they blazed away at him. The shot broke the bird's wing and he camd down to the ground. aliting on his back. He was unable to turn over and get upon his feet, but was lively just the same, as the Auburn hunters found before they succeeded in killing him.

The business man placed the ramrod of his gun in the hawk's big, grasping claws, all of which straightaway closed, like the jaws of an enraged mud turtle snapping at a stick in the hands of a mischievous boy.

With the claws thus taken care of the business man's friend proceeded to wring the bird's neck. In the earlier stages of the operation the harder the friend worked the tighter would the hawk grasp the iron ramrod and flap its wings.

All this was tun tor the hunters, who, after a long struggle, declared themselvs winners of the scrap. They had hardly so proclaimed when the bird got his wind, and, leaving the ramrod, viciously attcked his persecutors.

As fate would have it, the business man's friend, being nearest, was the first to catch it. The hawk lighted on his wrist, and the way he stuck there was a caution. One claw sunk deep into the hunter's wrist and he called loud and long for mercy.

The business man, seeing something must be done at the risk of his life, finally went to his friends rescue. He got a good hold on the sunken claw, braced his foot against a rock, and was successful in pulling it out. As the claw came out the hawk fell back and in a moment was still in death. They found that the bird's wings measured three feet and ten inches from tip to tip.

The colored peoble are not lovers of art, at least they have no particular love for the old masters.

"I would not live always," warbled the soprano, and the alto learned over and whispered to the basso that she began to have serious doubts about it. Outsiders were at a loss to know what broke up the choir.

In spite of the fact that tobogganing affords excellent opportunities for hugging it is not very popular in the United Stater. Most of our young men prefer the good old way—one o'clock in the morning warm room, light turned down, old folks in bed and sound asleep, yum yum, yum.

How can marriage help being a failure when a man cannot marry a girl without making a Miss-take?

There are sixty species of shark in the sea but the varities of land sharks are innumerable.

The Apaches are again on the war-path. If they will only follow it to the end and get themselves killed, there will be abundant cause for thanksgiving.

Weather sharps are never satisfied with any climate. They are continually talking about the mean temperature.

The Indian who scalped a negro, justified himself by declaring that wool raising was a legitimate occupation.

Santa Claus never visits a newspaper office. He is as much afraid of the interviewers as he is of the devil.

A man who was parading around the other night, dressed in a shirt, and carrying an old shoe in one hand, hunting for the cats that had been making a pandemonium in his back yard, explained to the policeman who was about to arrest him, that he was only out on a little purrchasing trip. The officer fainted, and the purr-chaser escaped.

Why do the newspaper reporters hang around the states prison at Sing Sing during an electrocution, when it is a well known fact that there is no noose there?

Samples.

The story is told of Daniel Webster: That one day dining at a high toned hotel, he looked over the bill of fare, gave his order to the waiter, who in due time brought his dinner in.

Webster looked at the diminutive piece of steak, stuck his fork in it put it all in his mouth, chewed and swallowed it, looked at the waiter, "That's it, bring me some."

Her Recompense.

A shrewd Holyoke street landlady was asked the other day if she wouldn't like to see an earthquake.

"Faith! an' I wud," she replied. "An I wudn't moind if it turned me house upside down, ather. For, in that evint, I should begin chargin' the garret lodgers first floor prices!"—Havard Lampoon.

Bellefontee's Young Ladies.

Our City has a right to be proud of her young ladies. No town of our size, in the state, can show more fine looking, beautiful young ladies than Bellefonte. If they are all as good as they are pretty (we trust they are) this is a good place for a good young man to find a wife; both good and lovely.

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DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Sirs:—Last Summer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having used it with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.
Yours respectfully,
WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, it was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.
Respectfully,
OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 19, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows no bunch on the joint.
Respectfully, F. H. HUTCHINS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

MONROE, La., May 8, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly which I prized very highly. She had a very severe swollen leg. I tried about eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.
I remain yours,
MARION DOWDEN.

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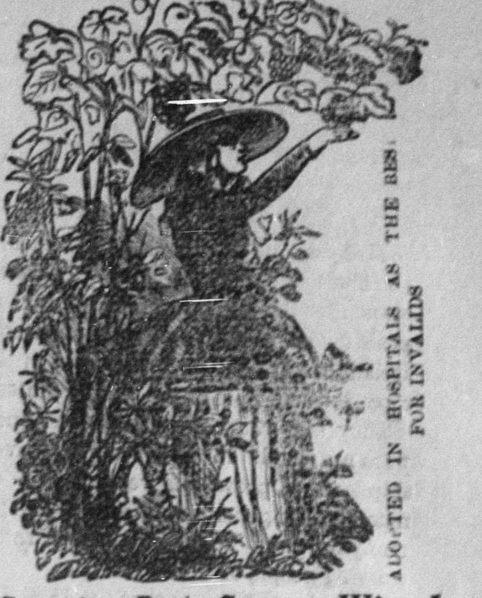
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THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.

Many of our old people well remember the famine in Ireland in 1846. Those that remember the famine, remember that appeals for help, came from the sufferers in Ireland, and their sympathizers in Europe, to the people of the United States.

They also remember that the appeals were not made in vain, but that several ship loads of provisions were at once donated by the generous Americans and sent on flying wings across the ocean to the starving people of the Green Isle.

They also remember that the U. S. government, without waiting to be called upon, at once chartered several vessels, among them the Old Constitution. "Old Ironsides," the Flag ship of our gallant naval heroes, Hull and Decatur. This vessel was at one time the pride of our navy.

She had borne aloft the American flag in many hard fought battles with vessels carrying the flag that floats in Ireland. But at the cry of the starving men, women and children in Ireland, she rounded her old battered and battle scarred sides to the wharves, to receive the donations so freely offered by the people of America, to a people dying of starvation, and proudly she sailed on her mission of peace, still carrying at her peak, the stars and stripes that we Americans hail and so ardently love. "History tells us she carried at her main truck, her old flag, under which she won her victories," carrying not war and destruction, but life and joy. They also well remember the grateful thanks and prayers tendered to us as a nation, by the people there, for the relief that came to them when so badly needed.

At that time the American people and their representatives in Washington were of one mind, charity was the principal round in the American ladder, and the hand of charity was extended to suffering humanity.

That was nearly fifty years ago. How is it now? As then there is a terrible famine, not in Ireland, but in Russia, a famine of much greater proportions than the other. Millions starving, no food to be had in their vicinity. As then, an appeal comes to us for help As then, our noble people have out of the almost innumerable granaries, that God's beneficence has filled in our land, proffered the food to the starving peasants of Russia.

4,000,000 pounds of flour contributed by the millers of America now await shipment to Russia. But not as then, with our Congress. No! They now refuse to charter vessels to carry the bountiful donations offered by our people. Why is this? What reason can be given by our representatives in Washington for their refusal to furnish ships?

Is it possible, that Holman's retrenchment scheme, and his niggardly economy, has caused them to act in this penurious, poverty-stricken manner? They ought to feel ashamed, and we believe many of them are ashamed and regret their action.

Had the American people doubted, that congress would have furnished the ships necessary, they would have before this, chartened them by private subscription, and the relief would have been on its way to the starving multitude.

We believe the people will yet find a way to send their contributions. America stands before the world to-day, as the country blessed, above all other countries, with abundance of food material. She has enough and to spare, and she is the only country in the world in that condition now. She is willing to sell to those able to buy, and willing "the record shows" to give largely to those who are not able. As a people, her heart and hands are full of sympathy and help.

No matter what nation or people may be in need, the universal brotherhood of man is recognized, and the relief readily and freely furnished. The people feel indignant and many no doubt, will express their indignation over the way they have been treated by their servants "masters" at Washington.

Sunday Laws.

The Law and Order League of Pittsburg, is trying to enforce a law relating to the observance of Sunday, by trying to prevent the publishing and selling newspapers on Sunday.

The law was enacted in 1794. So long ago that few of the citizens of the smoky City knew of its existence until the League started in to enforce it. The League commenced operations by causing the arrest of the Newsboys who were selling on the streets. Would it not have been more consistent, had they arrested the publishers?

If they can stop the publishing, the boys will have no papers to sell.

They have opened the door to criticism. Why don't you tackle a man of your size? It is cowardly to jump on a boy. The publishers have the means of defense. The boys have not. If you are sincere in your effort, the manly course would be to arrest the publishers. Men who are able to go into court and contest the validity of the law. Such criticisms will be heard, and it will be hard for the League to answer satisfactorily to the public. It is to be hoped that the question may go to the courts, and if necessary to the Legislature.

If it is a good law, enforce it. If not, repeal it. A law that cannot be enforced should not have place in our statutes, and the Law and Order League should have courage equal to its convictions.

It should fool away no time with the little newsboys, but strike higher game.

FREE COINAGE.

Shall we coin all of the silver we can dig out of our mines, and all we can buy from other countries, and coin it free? that is, shall our mints deliver to whomsoever brings in 412½ grains of silver, a Legal Tender Silver Dollar? Or, in plain language, shall the government pay out a dollar for about 87½ cents worth of silver? That kind of an arrangment ought to, and would, suit the silver mine men and silver speculators.

But the masses when they understand the matter, will fail to endorse the free coinage, while there exists such a disparity between the value of the gold in a gold dollar, and the silver in the silver dollar.

The American people believe in equity and fair dealing, and certainly will object to one class of producers in this country getting, by legislation, 25 per cent. profit on their products over the productions of their fellow producers, and off of their fellow producers. It is plain to every thinker that, with free coinage established by law and with the amount of silver now required in the dollar, that the producers of silver will get 25 per cent. more, for their product than the market prices, while the other producers, who get paid in silver money for their produce will lose the same per cent. That is, they will get only 75 per cent. in gold, of the market price of their products.

No good reason can be given why the man who digs silver out of the ground should have advantage over him that digs coal, iron, lead or potatoes out of the ground.

The price of all commodities should be governed by the law of demand and supply. The question of free coinage is not really one of partisan politics. It is a democratic scheme, but many sensible democrats oppose, and some western republicans favor it. President Harrison in his speech in Boston, stated what every one should endorse, namely, each and every American dollar should be of equal value, gold dollars, silver dollars and paper dollars, each should buy and pay for an equal amount of any thing and every thing bought and sold. The first step necessary to produce this result, to add to the number of grains in the silver dollar, until the value of the metal in gold and silver dollars becomes equal. Next make our legal tender paper money redeemable in coin of the U. S.

This would take the wind out of the sails of the silver men, and free coinage could be adopted without injury to anybody.

We fear however this equitable proceeding will not be had in the present congress. There is too much money "boodle" in the present plan, to justify the hope that, the silver men will let go of their opportunity, to take a quarter out of another's pocket and put it in their own.

It is distinctively a Democratic measure, and without doubt, will be a part of the Democratic platform in the campaign. Republicans will not object to their using that plank. The Ohio Republicans met that issue in their state campaign, and the Republican voters are willing to meet it in the national campaign.

The Coming Campaign.

The political campaign of 1892, will soon be upon us. Skirmishers and pickets are out now on both sides, and occasionally brushes take place, just enough to brighten up the swords for the conflict that wil come as soon as the nominations are made by the two great parties, Political warfare will then be waged, and no quarter asked or granted.

The American people are greatly interested in the result.

The fight will of course, be between the two great parties. There is too much intensity of feeling over the great issues between the Republicans and Democrats, to make room for other parties this fall. Probably the usual number of side shows, Prohibition, Farmers Alliance etc., will go along with the big show, but their receipts will be small.

The issues are made between the parties, and the people are to decide whether this country is to go on prospering and increasing in wealth and power under the stimulation of the McKinley Tariff, for another four years, or whether the free traders are to win and we are to retrograde in all that makes a nation great for the coming four years.

If the democratic leaders do not tear their party all to pieces in their struggle over candidates for the presidency, they will make a desperate effort for success in this campaign. They have now some very able men in their councils, and some of them are utterly unscrupulous.

Hill has shown his ability and his "honesty." Gorman is hand in glove with him, and of course must be classed with him, as birds of a feather etc.

Brice can live in New York and represent Ohio in the U. S. Senate and manage the democratic party, as chairmen of the National committee, all at the same time, which proves that he is a versatile individual at least.

That there will be a fight in the party over the candidate is apparent to all. Many of the leaders foresee trouble, and fear the hand is writing on the wall now. The Crisp and Mills fight shows what they can do, and also shows what the consequences may be.

A few more rackets of that kind, and the republicans will have a walk over.

Still republicans must take no stock in democratic quarrels, but must gird on their armor for a desperate conflict.

The republican party this fall, like old England, expects every man to do his duty, and it is the duty of every man in the party, to do his level best for the cause and for the election of the nominee, no matter whether it be Harrison Blaine, Alger or whomever may be chosen, to carry the flag.

Principles, not men is the right motto. Every voter should fall into the ranks, and stay there till the battle be won. It is likely to be a close fight and no man can be excused or excuse himself for not doing his duty.

Old English Law.

One of the relics of barbarism, handed down to us by the old English Jurisprudence, accepted, adopted, and made the law of our land, by our fathers, is the idea of monetary value in a wife's affections.

Under the Common law a man had complete absolute ownership of his wife and all her estate and chattels.

The wife was absolutely the slave of her husband. He was allowed by law to whip her, if in his judgment she deserved a whipping.

Common sense and modern ideas have supplanted common law to a great extent, both in England and here—wife whipping is not indulged in to a great extent especially in this country.

The wife here, as well as maids and widows, is protected by statutory law, and all wife beaters are amenable to the law, and find but little mercy before our courts and juries.

Still there is yet a remnant of the old barbaric notion of proprietorship in wives and in their affections, frequently set up by husbands against the gay Lotharios, for alienating the affections of their dearly beloved wives. All laws providing pecuniary remedies for husbands in such cases should be repealed.

Marriage in the United States is considered as a civil contract, and the contracting parties have or should have equal rights.

It is no longer man and wife, husband and wife now fills the bill. The idea that a husband should recover money of some man, that his wife prefers to himself, should be done away with·

In cases of action for breach of promise to marry, the litigation is between the contracting parties.

So should all actions arising from marriage contracts, be confined to the parties, other persons should not be made defendants.

We are not apologizing for, nor defending men, who run away with others men's wives, or who in any manner interfere with the marriage relations of others. Not at all. Our idea is this, wives that run off with other men or violate their marriage vows, are of no value to their husbands. Women like men, are of value only when they perform their assumed duties. Good, true valuable wives do not indulge in flirtations and escapades, and as for the injured husband, nine times out of ten he himself has been the cause of the alienation of his wife's affections.

He has acted like a brute towards her. Been cross, sour, jealous and mean, frequently not providing her with necessaries of life, and keeps this line of conduct up until he drives out of her heart every grain of affection for him, and as it is said to be necessary for a woman to love something, she bestows her affections on some man, who had nothing to do with alienating her love from her husband. No doubt many husbands have intentionally neglected and abused their wives, hoping thereby to drive them to desperation, and thus pave the way to an action against some wealthy man for depriving him of the love and society of his "dearly beloved" wife.

Honest, honorable husbands seldom appeal to this remedy.

Such men when their wives go wrong, make the best they can of it and let them go. Desertion is sufficient ground for divorce· The injured party can avail himself of that remedy.

The law setting a monetary value upon women, should be repealed.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

Dear Madam:

Does your husband seem tired of you, are you always peevish? Do you and your husband have little spats now and then? this is the case of most married people; and the only way you will ever live in perfect harmony is to restore the sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, strength, vigor and playfulness of girlhood; then your husband will stick to you, like he did in your courting days, and not be seeking the society of other ladies.

If you will try one package of "Rose Buds" you will not regret it; it will make a new woman of you. "Rose Buds" will absolutely cure Congestion, Inflamation and Falling of the womb, Leucorrhea or Whites, Rupture at Childbirth, Ovarian Tumors, Miscarriages and all the distressing symptoms; such as Bearing down pains, Back Ache, Melancholy, Sleeplessness, etc. Its wonderful effects are noticed from the first application. Leucorrheaor Whites, are usually cured by one or two applications. No doctors examination—treat yourself. By mail, postpaid, $1.00 THE LEVERETTE SPECIFIC CO., 339 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

LIQUOR DEALERS GET IN THEIR WORK.

It is reported that the Directors of the National Exposition, have decided to allow saloons to be run, and liquor to be sold on the grounds during the exposition, and that the liquor men are to divide the profits on the sales, with the committee.

Also that they have decided to keep the exposition open on Sunday, for the benefit of the poor, who are compelled to work during the week, and would have no other time to visit the grounds.

It would seem that the monster petitions signed by the multitude of religious and moral men and women of our country have been treated as so much waste paper.

Their feelings and wishes are not worth considering and have no weight with the committee who are only anxious to make money out of every thing they can.

They are on too low a plane to be able to appreciate, that the National Exposition was designed to advertise this Nation to the world, and it was not designed for the purpose of helping Sabbath breakers and dram sellers to make money.

In fact they care nothing for the design, or for the reputation of our country. They seem to care nothing for their own reputation nor for the reputation of anybody. Reputation don't count, in the new slang, reputation is not "in it." Money is what they are after and they care nothing for the result or effect it will have on the city of Chicago or the country at large. The specious plea, that the exposition is to be kept open on Sunday for the benefit of the poor, is false, a sham, a lie.

It is to be kept open so the dram sellers can sell more liquor, as Sunday will be the biggest and the best day in the week for them. It would be better for the average poor man, to lose one labor day every week, attend the grounds that day, and attend church or stay at home, on Sunday, than for him to work six days of the week, and go to the exposition on Sunday. Better for his health, better for his morals, and better for his pocketbook. If this plan is to be carried out, by the managers, the people ought to rise "en masse" and manifest their indignation by petitioning congress to withhold all appropriations of money granted to aid the exposition. Exhibitors should be persuaded, if possible, to not exhibit anything whatever there.

And every Christian and moral man and woman should refuse to go there, or to have anything to do with it.

If the rumsellers, gamblers, thieves and prostitutes of Chicago are going to run the "National" exposition marking the quadrennial celebration of the discovery of America, it will be well for the respectable people, to keep away, and wait another four hundred years, if necessary, hoping their descendants may then enjoy an Ocennial celebration that will be an honor to our country.

We are not here finding fault with men who are selling liquor in their proper places of business in accordance with the laws of the state in which they live, but we are protesting against the sale of liquor inside the grounds of the Columbian Exposition, and also against the desecration of the Sabbath that would follow. We are not conservative, but radical on this point. This is a Christian country and a Christian government. Surely we ought to show the people, that come from abroad, that we are a temperate, Sabbath observing people, and not a nation of drunkards and Sabbath breakers. We must hang our heads in shame, if this exposition be so conducted that our European visitors can truthfully say Chicago is a city of looser morals than Paris or Madrid. And that the Americans are a nation of hypocrites, claiming to be good, but ready to sell their reputation, honor and even their souls for money. If the moral, law abiding people of this country can not overrule this decision of the committee, they can at least stay away and not bring themselves into disrepute by aiding and abetting a national disgrace.

"What did you pay for that turkey Rastus?" "De hull seat ob my trousers, sah."—Epoch.

THERE MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

The Pitiful Story af of Girl Who Eloped With Her Father's Hostler.

A pathetic story was told in Judge Wilbur's divorce court at Providence R. I. on January 2' when the contested divorce case of Floria Willis against Eugene Willis was called. Ten years ago the petitioner, who has becme permaturely gray and aged, although only thirty years of age, was one of the prettiest girls of Oxford, Mass. Her maiden name was Green, and she was the daughter of Shoe Manufacturer Green, who was wealthy and widely known. Eugene Willis was, at the time the love making began, hostler for Green, and in this way he came into contact with Miss Flora, and uuknown to the family a secret marriage was performed. When the fact was discovered the hostler was discharged, and with him went his wife. From that time on the couple resided in different parts of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the years running dy with plenty of trouble to burden the mind of Mrs Willis. Then Manufacturer Green died, and his will, which bequeathed a large amount of money, gave only $5 to Floria. The mismated couple then came to Providence with thier baby boy, and they have resided there for several years. Mrs Willis engaging in dressmakiug to maintain herself and child.

Willis contests the petition for divorce and says that he can support the boy, but Mrs. Willis says also that she can maintain the boy, whom she has supported for several years. Willis is accused by his wife of being a drunken fellow, who has tortured her soul and made her life miserable for her. In court she was surrounded by a few kind friends who have taken hold of her case.

Emporial Republican.

Kansas City stands some show of getting the Democratic national convention. It has raised $100,000, and one third of the saloon-keepers have not been seen yet.

The Alliance will not ask for an extra session of the legislature to investigate the killing of Sheriff Dunn of Seward county by the friends of the late Sam Wood. This is authentic.

The present Congress will have to do one of three things—repeal the disability pension bill, become a billion-dollar Congress, or leave a big deficiency for its Republican successor to meet.

After the Nebraska Democrats had burned thier fireworks and howled themselves hoarse over Boyd's victory, they learned that the supreme court han not yet decided the case. If it were not for the well known Democratic antipathy to profanity it is likely that some of the Nebraska stalwarts would be tempted to swear

Postoffice Clarks Quarrel.

CINCINNATI, January 16.—John P Sheehan shot David E Patton in the postoffice here at 7.30 o.clock to-night. Both were distributing mail clerks. Sheehan was angry because Patton had not attended a postoffice ball some weeks ago. To-day Sheehan handed in his resigation, which has not yet been accepted. This evening he came to the room of the postoffice drunk and called for Patton. When the latter appeared Shee. Sheehan said: "We've been having trouble." "I haven't been making trouble of it," replied Patton. "Well take that," exclaimed Sheehan, drawing a revolver and shooting Patton. The ball entered the right side below the ribs. It is thought he may live. Immediately after the shooting Sheehan ran away and has not been seen since. The postmaster will discharge Sheehan instead of accepting his resignation.

A Hungarian Murdered.

KINGTSON, Pa, January 17.—Mike Lucher, a Hungarian, attended a ball near here last night and while here, became involved in a quarrel with two of his countrymen. On his way home he was assaulted by several men and beaten so badly he died. To-day Steve Harrock and Mike Mrtco were arrested and jailed.

A Train in an Uproar.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., January 17.—Three drunken men tried to take possession of train No. 6 on the New York Central railroad to-day and made desperate efforts to kill Chief Detective Humphrey. They used knives, chisels and a revolver, but Humpnrey, with the assistance of the train men and passengers, finally subdued them. The whole train was in an uproar.

The Next Attractiou

The (New) Boy Tramp which will be the attraction at the opera house next Monday evening, is one of those thoroughly entertaining comedy dramas commanding the interest of people of all social grades. The story of the play is founded on certain phases of everyday life that touch the heart-strings and call largely to the pathos of our natures. The play throughout abounds in strong and telling situations, which are heightened by realistic scenery and thrilling climaxes The language is excellent and construction considerably above the regular order of melodrams Great care and no little expense have been given to the presentation of the play, a car load of scenery, mechanical effects, properties, etc., being used, of which the great Brooklyn Bridge, with its electrial effects, etc., is a marvel in stage realism. During the action of the play a number of high-clase specialties are introduced

A scientist says that we are now going to have mild winters for 9,000 years. That's good so far as it goes but how will it be after that?—State Journal.

Death of Henry Reed.

Mr. Henry Reed, whose death notice came too late for particulars yesterday, died of apoplexy.

He had a stroke about a year ago. Another last Christmas and another the 4th of this month.

The last or third stroke proved fatal. He lived however from the 4th to the 19th and died at his home on Thomas street.

Was born in Maryland in 1799 and lived to the ripe aged of 93 years. Moved to Huntingdon Pa., and there married Elizabeth Gill in 1840, who survives him and is now 66 years of age he was a contractor at ore mines for some years. Leaves nine living children. One of his sons James Reed is in the department of the Interior at Washington, and another son is Geo. Reed of Cambria county. He felt secure in the hour of his death, and that he was ready and willing to meet his God and wanted to go. Funeral at the residence to-morrow at 2, P. M.

Rev. Houck will conduct the services.

Twelve newspaper men find seats in the present Massachusetts legislature.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Our esteemed co-temporary, The Altoona *Tribune*, commenting on the action of the English labor convention, in refusing to pass a resolution of Condolence with the Royal Family over the death of the Duke of Clarence, intimates that their action was significant of boorishness more than anything else·

We cannot quite harmonize with the Tribune's view. Our view is, the laborers of England are becoming Democratic. A Republican form of government would suit them better than a monarchy. They are beginning to realize the fact that Kings, Queens and Princes are no better than the balance of the human race, and there was no good reason apparent to them, why they should offer resolutions of sympathy with the royal family, any more than with any other family mourning for loved ones removed by death.

Their action we think is significant of the fact, that democratic ideas are taking root and spreading out in the British Empire.

Such action does not necessarily display any disrespect or hostility to the members of the royal family individually, but does indicate hostility to the monarchical form of Government, and is a sort of declaration of independence by the convention. From our stand point, we can see no reason why sympathy should be extended to persons in exalted stations or positions in life, more than to other good, respectable, law abiding people. The disposition to toady to persons in high places, so prevalent now in our own county, is to be deprecated.

Our Presidents, Cabinet officers, Senators, Congressmen, Judges etc., are or should be, servants of the people. Their feelings and affections are no stronger, no keener, than the affections of the poor and humble, and those, who rush into print, with fervid expressions of sympathy every time affliction comes to the great, are liable to be suspicioned, as having an axe to grind.

Our sympathies should extend to all, and if any class should receive more than another, it should be given to the destitute and suffering poor.

THE action of that English labor convention in refusing to pass a resolution of sympathy with the British royal family over the death of the duke of Clarence may be sighificant, as some writers declare but it is significant of boorishness rather than any thing else. Your true workingman is a gentleman and no gentleman is indifferent to the grief even of a royal family.—*Altoona Tribune.*

WHAT IS SCROFULA

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or the many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors;" which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How Can It Be CURED

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. Some of these cures are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula, be sure to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My daughter Mary was afflicted with scrofulous sore neck from the time she was 22 months old till she became six years of age. Lumps formed in her neck, and one of them after growing to the size of a pigeon's egg, became a running sore for over three years. We gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla, when the lump and all indications of scrofula entirely disappeared, and now she seems to be a healthy child." J. S. Carlile, Nauright, N. J.

N. B. Be sure to get only

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It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs tenth of a cent a day. No other one-fourth as strong. Strictly a medicine. "One large can saved me $40; send six to prevent Roup," says one customer.

If you can't get it send to us.

We mail one pack 25c. Five $1. A 2 1-4 lb. can $1.20. Six cans, $5.00, express paid. *Poultry Raising Guide*, price 25 cents, free with $1.00 orders or more. Sample copy of The Best Poultry Paper sent free. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

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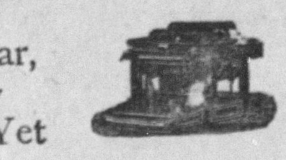

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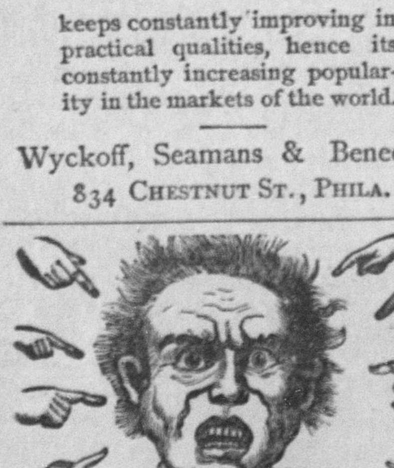

HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. **Life is passing!** Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a **golden** opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the golden opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The golden opportunity for many is here. **Money** to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to **$10** per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, **free**. Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all **free**, by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once, **H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.**

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The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, is a treasure more valuable than gold. Read it now, every **WEAK** and **NERVOUS** man, and learn to be **STRONG**.—*Medical Review.* (Copyrighted.)

CONKLIN'S TROUBLESOME COOKS.

The Woes of a Weacthy Farmer of East Neck, Huntington, L. I.

The great human heart of Brooklyn will go out to Mr. Joseph G. Conklin, of East Neck, L. I., when it becomes generally known what troubles he has gone through lately. Mr. Conklin has money, but that does not assuage his afflictions. He has been wrestling with the great servant-girl problem.

Mrs. Conklin is an invalid and has been unable to superintend the household affairs. The house has been run by Mr. Conklin and the cook-lady. He is all right, but the cook-lady—well, there's where the trouble comes in.

The next to the last tyrant was a pretty good cook, but otherwise her management was hardly satisfactory. Mrs. Conklin being an invalid, there are little dainties and choice meats which she requires. They were ought all right and brought to the kitchen, but Mrs. Conklin didn't get them. The cook-lady was living on the fat of the land. Mr. Conklin went to her and talked to her kindly but firmly. He said he wasn't buying chicken and such truck for her to eat, and he wanted it to stop.

That made the cook-lady very angry, and she said she wouldn't take such impudence from no man, and then she whipped out a long butcher-knife from the folds of her dress and said: "If you don't get right out of here I'll cut the raw heart out of you."

Mr. Conklin left the room. Later the cook-lady left the house and has not come back. If Mr. Conklin can prevent it she won't come back, either.

But that left the house without anybody to get the meals so Mr. Conklin went to the city and got another one. She was a splendid cook. She was well-mannered neat and respectful. She was a jewel. Friday she went down to the village to do a little shopping. Among other things she bought a two quart jug of whiskey.

Now if she had kept the cork in the jug she might still have been a jewel, but she had no use for the cork. And oh! w drunk she got! Snefell into a little brook that runs by the roadside, and the folks came along and pulled her out and thought she was drowned. But she revived and got so fighting mad that it took two men to bundle her into a wagon and take her home. As soon as she gets over the disastrous effects of the whiskey and water she will be packed off and Mr. Conklin will try it again.

Lectures on Cooking.

Miss Emma P. Ewing, who for several years has had charge of the Chautauqua school of cooking, will give the following course of instructions, beginning the second week in February with a free public lecture and lessons daily through the course of eight. We insert the program now that all may see that it is plain, practical and includes all that one needs to know in the culinary art.

Monday, February 8, free lecture on Kitchen Interests.

Tuesday, Bread—Vienna, Graham, French Rolls, Crescents, Sticks and Boston Brown Bread.

Wednesday, Roasting and Broiling Meats, Poultry and Fish.

Thursday, Soups—Plain, clear, vegetable, white soup, etc.

Friday, Salads—Chicken, Shrimp, Potatoes and Fruit Salad.

Saturday, Frying—Chicken, Oysters, Fish, Potatoes and Mush.

Monday, Meat Sauces and little dishes.

Tuesday—Eggs and Omelets,

Wednesday—Delicate desserts and Cake.

Terms for the course, $3.00: single lessons 50 cents; two from one family $5.00.

COPYRIGHT 1890

After dinner, if you have discomfort and suffering, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, or Anti-Bilious Granules. They're made to assist Nature in her own way—quietly, but thoroughly. What the old-fashioned pill did forcibly, these do mildly and gently. They do more, too. Their effects are lasting; they *regulate* the system, as well as cleanse and renovate it. One little Pellet's a gentle laxative; three to four act as a cathartic. They're the smallest, cheapest, the easiest to take. Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

They're the *cheapest* pill you can buy, because they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You only pay for *the good* you get.

Can you ask more?

IN A DAY.

Lawrence, Kans., Aug. 9, 1888.

George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using

ST. JACOBS OIL.

He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M. D.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osgood,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kincheloe,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

United Hospital and Dispensary,
Boston, Mass.

Allen C. Smith, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

MERIT WINS.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on there merits—C. M. Parish. Druggists.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

DOCTOR

J. B. Hobensack's
MEDICAL OFFICES
206 N. SECOND ST., PHILADELPHIA

Are the oldest in America for the treatment of

Special Disease and Youthful Errors

Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Ulcers, Runnings, Discharges, Strictures, Bladder, Kidney and Skin Diseases, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Rupture, Permanently Cured by improved methods without detention from business. The doctor's success is due to his lifelong experience and study; to the pure vegetable remedies used and to the thorough examination and watchful attention given patients during treatment. A forty establishment is our guarantee of success.

Office hours, 9 a. m. to 2 p. m., 6 to 9 p. m. All day Saturday. Sundays, 9 to 12 a. m.

Send stamp for book dec2 1y

REGISTERS NOTICE. The following accounts have been examined, passed and filed of record in the Register's Office for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors and all others in anywise interested, and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Centre county on Wednesday, the 2nd day of February, 1892.

1 The First and Final accounts of Wm. E. Irvin, Administrators of &c. of Mary Atherton, late of Philipsburg Borough, deceased.

2 The account of Thos. C. Beaver, Executor of &c, of Julia A. Hubler, late of Haines Township, deceased.

3 The account of John B. Royer, surviving administrator of &c. of Samuel Royer, late of Potter Township, deceased.

4 The account of C. M. Bower, trustee to sell the real estate of Rudolph Mulholland, late of Burnside township, deceased.

5 Account of James A. Keller, Guardian of Anna M. Stump, Minor Child of Reuben Stump, late of Potter Township, deceased.

6 The account of P. W. Barnhart, administrator of &c., of H. P. Watkins, late of Curtin Township, deceased.

John A. Rupp,
Register.

Spectacles and Eyeglasses made by Robert Bruce Wallace, (successor to the "Fox Optical Co.) at 624 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., are conceded the best and most comfortable. Save money by having him fit your eyes. j30-1y.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new lead, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, [illegible]

MYSTIC CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM
AND
NEURALGIA.
CURES IN A DAY

A New and Wonderful Discovery which has revolutionized the treatment of these diseases. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears, the first dose greatly benefits. It is recommended only for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, but for these it is a quick and radical cure, as multitudes who have used it testify. It contains no anodynes and is perfectly harmless. Ask your druggist to procure it if he does not have it on hand. ***Guarantee.*** If first bottle does not benefit you, druggist will refund money. Write for treatise and testimonials.

PRICE, 75 CENTS.
Dr. I. A. DETCHON, Crawfordsville, Ind.

MILK! MILK! MILK!

I. M. HARVEY, Dairyman.

Best of Milk furnished. Delivered at your door early and regularly every morning in Bellefonte. *Milk from one cow furnished for Infants.* Popular prices. Patronage solicited. Any call will receive prompt attention by I. M. HARVEY, Milesburg, Pa

j2-1y

AN INNOCENT VISITOR.

He Didn't Even Know the Landmarks of New York.

From the New York Tribune.

"Where is the young Man's institute?" asked a clerical-looking man who had just come over the big bridge from Brooklyn, as he stood hesitatingly in Park Row.

"De Young Men's Instoot?" answered a tough-looking 'longshoremen with a red nose and black eye, "why, dat's up de Bowery."

"Yes, I was told it was in the Bowery." replied the stranger. "But you can tell me just where?"

"Cert," ejaculated the 'longshoreman. "I don't know the number, but I can put yer right onto it. You know where Steve Brodie's saloon is, don' yer? Well——"

"No, I don't," said the stranger.

"What, don't know Steve Brodie's?" in tones of disgust. "Der bridge-jumper?"

"Never heard of him."

"Well, you know where Kerrigan's dive is? It's not far from dat, as——"

"Excuse me sir. I don't know Kerrigan's dive, either,"

"Say, mister, where was yer born, anyway? Perhaps yer don't even know where Sheeney Mike's dime beauty show is, den?"

"No."

"Nor Chin Wah's opium joint?"

"I must seem very ignorant to you."

Plain, ordinary ignornce ain'tin wid yer at all mister, If yer don't know dem places yer hadn't ought to be out alone in New York. I can't direct yer to de instoot if yer don't know de commonest landmarks. You'd better hire a detective to guide yer round and keep yer out o' de Bowery altogedder."

LIST OF PATENTS

Granted to Pennsylvania inventor this week. Reported by C. A. Snow & Co. Solicitors of America G Foreign Patents, Opp U S Patent Office, Washington, D C

J F Barber & J Stevens, Hazelton, Catch for bake-pans. F. G Feaster, Ephrata, Carpet-fastner. A E Frank & E H Hoad, Pittsburg, Transfeirrng designs to glass, porcelain, etc. J B Goodwin, Pittsburg, Metallic standing seam roofing. F D Hoehl, Pittsburg, Alarm-clock. W M. Hoerle, allegheny, Wick-raising device for central-draft lamps. D J Hurley, Erie, Tapping device. W R Jenkins, Bellefonte, Power hammer. J Shannon, Pittsburg, Woodgraining machine. G A Spang Butler, Pressure-blower. J M Taylor & M Falk, Pittsburg, Trousers. C Weltmer, Camppelltown, Mail-bag. M C Wilson Athens, Extension-ladder.

PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES.

Symptom—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelpha.

s 24-1 y

A Strong Play.

Mr. Augustin Neuville, the comedian, and his excellent company which appears at Garman's opera house Monday evening Jan. 25; reconstructed play, The (New) Boy Tramp, recently played an engagement at New Orleans. The Times Democrat of that city speaking of the merits of the play says:

The play is strongly melodramatic, and throughout the four acts abounds in strong and telling situations, which are heightened by realistic scenery and thrilling climaxes. The language ts excellent and the construction considerably above the regular order of such class of melodramas. In fact it can be said to be the best of its kind yet presented here.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Presidents Message.

President Harrison will not ask Congress to declare war, against Chili but will present all the information he has on the subject and ask Congress to support him in presenting an ultimatum to the Chilian government which if not acceded to, will amount to a declaration of war on the part of Chili.

This gives the Chilians a chance to decide whether they want war or peace. It is to be hoped the Chilians will make the apologies and restitution demanded and thus save a war which they must soon realize is no war with Peru.

The message goes to Congress to-day.

Letter List.

The following letters remain uncalled for in the Postoffice Jan. 19, 1891.

A. H. Browner, (2) George Bryant, Martln Held, (2) Mattie Hagons, Mrs. W. E. Miller, Miss Lizzie Miller, George Reber, Edwin Stehly, (2) Jho W. Yeisley.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. Fiedler, P.M.

Locals

Are extremely scarce just now. We have no fights, rows, murders drunks or misdemeanors to report. We can report however, that so far as we can learn, the Bellefontenians are behaving extremely well. We would like to be able te keep this as a standing daily report.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases"

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruption on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by any other remedy.
Ask your druggist for Swayna's Ointment.

s 24-1y

Common
Soap
Rots Clothes and
Chaps Hands.
IVORY
SOAP
DOES NOT.

DR. SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP. NEVER FAILS ★ SOLD BY DRUGGIST

A FINE PIECE OF
CHEWING TOBACCO
IS INDEED A LUXURY
FINZER'S
Old Honesty
COMES AS
NEAR BEING
A
FINE PIECE
OF
PLUG
TOBACCO

AS IT
IS
POSSIBLE
TO
MAKE IT
AND IS
KNOWN AS A

Standard Brand

AMONG DEALERS
THESE GOODS ARE ON THE MARKET IN ONLY ONE SHAPE, 3x12 FULL 16 OZ. PLUG—THE MOST CONVENIENT TO CUT IN POCKET PIECES OR CARRY WHOLE.

JNO. FINZER & BROS., Louisville, Ky.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC TRADE MARK

Recommended as the Best.

Le Mars, Plymouth Co., Ia., May, 1889.

I suffered from temporary sleeplessness from overwork for two years, for which I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and can recommend same as the best medicine for similar troubles.

F. BORNHORST.

Extract From a Letter

of the Rev. J. McGowan, Cadyville, New York: "I recommend you to send for six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and let her use it as directed. It cured several in my parish."

East Glennville, N. Y., Oct. 16, 1890.

I used one bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for dizziness and nervous headache, and it did all you claim for it and even more. I had been suffering for years. MRS. S. P. RANCE.

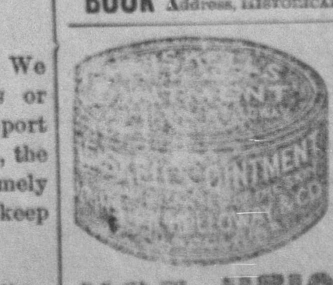
FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

TALMAGE'S NEW BOOK 400 Wonderful Pictures. Sales Immense. Agents Wanted. Exclusive Territory. Big pay. 30 Day's Credit. No Capital Needed. Also send 9 Agents' Addresses and receive FREE TO YOU, Talmage's favorite Picture of Christ, in Oil Colors. Address, HISTORICAL PUB. CO. Phila. Pa.



TO CURE SKIN DISEASE OF ANY FORM USE **HEISKELL'S OINTMENT**

It has proved infallible in every case, from simple Pimples to obstinate **Eczema**; also Itching Piles. **50 CTS.** per box.

☞ Send for "**Hints for Kitchen and Sick-Room**," a handy book for the household. **FREE.**

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

A MODERN VIEW OF SHAKESPEARE'S FAMOUS THEME.

From the Cradle to the Grove as Seen in Every-Day Life.

"Mrs. Jones has a baby."

"The deuce you say·"

"Fact."

"Girl or boy?"

"Boy."

"Let's hunt up old Jonesey and make him set'em up."

So is ushered into the world Baby Jones very red and hungry, and very much tronbled with insomnia, says the Minneapolis *Journal*.

The former grows on him, and in wearing off the latter Papa Jones loses his hair and several pounds of flesh and Mamma Jones loses some of her good looks.

"Pay?" says Papa Jones in astonishment. "Do babies pay? Well. I should say they did.

"Pay?" says Mamma Jones; "why the whole world could not buy him."

And so Baby Jones becomes Willie Jones, and with his little primer and immaculate tie marches proudly to school. Thereupon the boys "christen" his new shoes by spitting on them, and they soil his white tie rolling him over in the sand And Willie Jones cries and teacher comforts him by letting him sit on the platform and by calling his tormentors "bad boys." And they grin and look ashamed.

But father Time keeps his scythe a-swing, and lo! "Billy" Jones is in the high school. "Billy the kid" he is called now and he nearly breaks his mother's heart one day because she sees him smoking a cigarette and evidently enjoying it. Bill Jones is also inclined to partake of the fruit of his neighbor's pear tree, said fruit being obtained after dark.

Will Jones is a different boy a few years after his graduation from the high school. Life has become a question of neckties and fits on cloths. He ushers strangers into seats at the Church of the Dan and Beersheba Pilgrims. He leads the german, and one day Deacon Potts is pained to see him coming out of a bucket-shop, where he has taken a flyer on wheat.

William Jones, aged forty, is the cashier of the Hightop National Bank. Mr. Jones is known as one of the best and brainiest business men. Mrs. Jones speaks of him as Mr. Jones or Willliam, and Deacon Potts takes his advice on the Investment ot a few hundred dollars he has laid by. They talk of running him for the Legislature, and the *Evening Squash* has boomed him for Mayor. The little ones call him papa, and run to meet him at night when he comes home.

At sixty. "You know old Bill Jones? He was telling me the other day how he used to play ball where the Post-Office now stands· He's a jolly old fellow, I telyou. Told about helping to pitch a teach, er out of the window when he was a boy, about forty or fifty years ago. Billy is a jolly old boy. Kept the company in a roar at his daughter's wedding with his queer stories. They say Bill has laid up quite a little pile in his day. Smooth boy is Bill. He has accnmulated quite a stock of experience, at any rate, and is always ready with a word of counsel if you ask his advice.

Seventy-five years old to-day is "Old Bill Jones," or "Old Billy Jones," as his younger friends love to call him. There is no term of reproach in familiarity unless it is used by the thoughtless or inconsiderate. His old friends have dropped by the wayside, one by one, and old Bill Jones is the last leaf on the tree. It is well ripened by time and frost, and the first breath of Winter will detach him gently, and he will fall to his parent earth in sweet peace.

"Old Bill Jones!" He has done his work well, and he is ready to go. He wonders if he will meet the old boys again and talk over the old days. His mind is much on his youth. He loves to recall the old associates. The old voices are in his ears. He smiles as he sees the children play.

"Hello, Colonel, whose grave is this you are filling?" "William Jones's, sir."

"What? Old Billy Jones? Well, well. So he has gone. But he lived to a good old age. Let's see, '78 years 3 months,' the old stone says, don't it? That's doing pretty well in these times. Jones was a good old fellow, though. I remember hearing my father tell how Jones let him have $5,000 once to tide him over a crisis and he never took a bit of security. He and father were great friends once. How long ago? Oh, that must have been twenty five years back. Father's been dead eighteen years. Well, good luck to him wherever he is. Good-by."

High Land.

An English woman, in the course of a journey round the world with her father visited Chicago and was impressed with the mercantile spirit of the inhabitans.

My father was making inquiries as to the different routes which he might pursue on his way south, and something was said about the flatness of the surrounding country.

"Then there's not much highland to be seen, whichever road we take?" remarked my fathers.

"O, yes," answered the Chicago man, "there's some that lets for as much as one hundred or one hundred and fifty dollars an acre."—Youth's Companion.

Acknowledgement.

THE NEW, College graduate editor stands corrected. The French adjection was sufficient, and the English THE was superfluous and possibly offensive to the exquisite, sensitive taste of our learned, able and friendly critic "Whom next.

A GOOD ONE ON SHEPARD.

STORY OF A YOUNG WOMAN WHO ANSWERED AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR A GOVERNESS.

New York Sun.

The people who are telling this story declare that it is true and the story itself declares as much in trumpet tones.

A meek little advertisement appeared in a religious paper recently. It stated that the advertiser wanted a governess who, among other things, "loves Jesus and will eat with the children."

The advertisement caught the eye of a bright young woman, daughter of a business man in one of the towns on the Hudson. In a spirit of fun she determined to answer it, not to get the place, but for amusement. She wrote to the advertiser that she was a competent governess. She added:

"As to my piety I think I can satisfy the most fastidious, and in the family of the advertiser, I would certainly prefer to eat with the children."

Having mailed her letter, the young woman had a laugh with her sister and dismissed the subject from her mind.

A few days later as she was leaving her home for a walk, she passed a gentleman in a cab, who was evidently making for her house. When she returned from her walk her sister greeted her with:

"Well, now you've done it. A gentleman called a short time ago in response to your letter about the governess' place. And who do you think he is? Colonel Elliott F. Shepard. He says he is. And that's not the worst. He took your letter in the most solemn earnest. He said he was so much pleased with the tone of your letter that he wanted to engage you at once. He never for a minute detected the sarcasm you thought was so clever."

It is not related how the sister got rid of the advertiser, but she did help her sister out of the scrape in some way.

Jokelets From Judge.

"She is a perfect Amazon."

"Why do you say that? She is not at all like the Amazons ol old."

"On, no: I mean like the river She has a large mouth and babbles on forever.

Her tongue was ever going yet;
She talked in joy, she talked in pain;
And when she died her last regret
Was that she ne'er could talk again

Visitor—You have a wonderful collection of curious coins. How did you get them?

Parson.—(dryly)—Found them in the plate.

Wife.—John, I want $10.

Husband.—Maria, I m sorry to say that I haven't that amount to-day.

Wife.—John Henderson! I do believe you sat up with another sick man last night!

It was dark upon the waters;
Scarce a star gleamed in the sky;
But I saw the ghostly shadow
Of a rowboat passing by.

Then I heard a gentle whisper—
'Twas a voice I chanced to know
And the owner was enchanting—
"Do you need qoth hands to row?"

Hunker—I wish I had courage enough to Propose to Sue and end my misery.

Spatts—That might not end it.

Hunker—How's that?

Spatts- she might accept you.

She—Do you know what it is to have a soul at war with itself?

He—Don't I, though? My father was an Irishman and my mother an Italian, you know.

She claims the first of every joy,
Yet you should not demur;
For as you are in love, my boy,
You must be after her.

She—Does he believe in red tape?

He—Oh, yes; he wouldn't search the Scriptures without a warrant

BRICE KLINGS TO KERR.

HE SAYS THERE IS NOW NO VACANCY ON THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

YORK, Pa., Jan. 13.—Hon. Chauncey F. Black to-day received the following, which is self-explanatory, but not at all satisfactory to the Cleveland Democrats of this State:

UNITED STATES SENATE.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 12.

Hon. Chauncey F. Black, York, Pa.,

Dear Sir—In answer to your inquiry I beg to say that there is at present no vacancy in the representation of Pennsylvania on the National Democratic Committee Mr. Kerr having been recognized and acted as successor of Hon. William L. Scott, deceased. The National committee fills vacancies occurring between national conventions, and the Executive Committee has full power to act between meetings of the full committee. The action taken in seating Mr. Kerr seems to have given general satisfaction. Very truly yours.

CALVIN S. BRICE, chairman.

High Water.

The Allegheny and Monongahela rivers are on the rampage and threaten damage at Pittsburg.

The continued rain and melting snow are getting in their work.

News from other parts of the state and from other states, indicate plenty of water generally.

Chili Will Not Apologies.

President Harrison will issue his message complete to both houses Monday, and we will then have the facts in the case.

The reports as they now come look warlike.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE

PHOTOORAPHS OF DAILY LIFE ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

Queer Medical Befiels Practised in Olden Times.

The queer beliefs, superstitions, &c., given below have been culled by the editor of *Notes for the Curious* from the works of Mizaldus, Minus Galen, Arnoldus, Africanus and others. Some of these works are classed among the rarest of bibliographical treasures.

"The blood of a white hen smeared all over the face that is full of freckles and let alone until it be dry and then wiped off clean taketh away the freckles and spots."

"An excellent cure for the gout is to take a young puppy, all of one color if you can get such a one, and cut him in two pieces through the back while alive and lay the hot end to the grieved part."

"The hoofs and forefeet of a cow, dried and taken any way, are excellent against a cough; if burned the smoke of them will drive away mice."

"If your nose bleed on the left side, crush the little finger of your right hand, and for the other side do the opposite"

"An egg that is laid on Thursday, the white being emptied out and the empty place being filled with salt and gently roasted by the fire, will cure cankered teeth and kill the worms which eat the teeth."

"Cantharides wrapped in a spider's web and hanged over him who is suffering with quartane ague perfectly cures him."

"The little bone of the knee joint of a hare's hind leg doth presently help the cramps if you do but touch the grieved place with it."

"To draw a tooth without pain: Fill an earthen crucible with emmets, or ants eggs and all, and when you have burned them keep the ashes, with which, if you touch a tooth, it will drop out."

"Take a great, overgrown toad, for instance, and tie her up in a leather bag, pricked full of holes, and put the bag and all in an ant hill. The ants will eat away all her flesh, then you can find a stone of marvelous virtue. If a man be poisoned this stone will draw all the poison to it presently; if he be he stung or bitten by an adder, by touching it with this stone both pain and swelling will presently cease."

"Jet, as well as amber, if hung about one's neck, is profitable against the distillation of phlegm in throat and lungs."

"If a man has the dropsy stand him up sand by the seaside on a hot day; the sand will draw up all the water and cure the disease."

"A stone called granite, if worn in a bag at the neck, strengthens the heart, but it is said to hurt the brain."

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR DEAD.

And Albert Edward Prince of Wales has Lost His Eldest Son.

He died yesterday at 9 a. m. His death may cause many complications in the affairs of England.

He was next to his father in succession to the British throne and was to have been married next month to Princess Victoria his third cousin. He was 28 years old, and had never been robust, but was popular with the people, who on account of his attention to dress, nicknamed him collars and cuffs.

Cordinal Manning also died at 8,20 Friday morning at Westminster England. He was born 1808. Also Cordinal Simeoni died about the same hour at Rome. Two great Catholic Prelates gone.

BURGLARY AT ALTOONA.

C. V. Burk's Installment House Burglarized

On last Wednesday night, burglars forced a window in Burk's large instalment house 1513 Eleventh Ave. Altoona, and carried off about $2000, worth of goods.

The robbers took plenty of time and passed the stolen goods out at the window. Fine jewelry, watches, silverware etc. became the prey of the thieves. Goods enough were taken to have filled several wagons, but no track of them could be found after they were passed out of the window. and no track of the slick burglars.

Late Happenings at Altoona.

A freight wreck at 9th street last night broke up several cars. Nobody hurt.

Two toughs went into the Salvation Army's rooms 6th Avenue, and tried to run the meeting. Result a fight, and things were lively for a while. The intruders were eventually put out and peace reigned again.

Five arrests by police last night. Three men and two women. Reported to midnight. Balance of the night to hear from.

Mrs. John Capper of Frugality, is the happy mother of triplets. Two girls and a boy. Born Tuesday last. Boy since died. Girls and mother doing well.

Our Friends.

Revs. Laurie, Houck and Koontz, have given us pleasure by calling at our office and making our acquaintance. We desire to make the acquaintance of all the citizens of our adopted city, and design making numerous calls at your places of business soon as possible. So far our time has been fully employed in trying to improve our papers and getting the "hang" of our "to us" new office. In the mean time we shall be happy to receive calls from all the clergyman, Teachers, Lawyers Physicans, Merchants and all other good citizens, regardless of present or past political or religious opinions, race or candition in life. Our latch string is outside. Pull it and come in. The Ladies are included in this invitation.

BEERS & DILLEN.

ORGANS $40 PIANOS ! The T. Swoger & Son, DIRECT FROM FACTORY. SEND FOR PARTICULARS. Address, BEAVER FALLS, PA.

ORGANS $40 PIANOS ! The T. Swoger & Son, DIRECT FROM FACTORY. SEND FOR PARTICULARS. Address, BEAVER FALLS, PA.

UPRIGHT PIANOS!
FINEST FACTORY IN UNITED STATES
ALWAYS READY FOR
Quick Shipments of FINEST PIANOS AND ORGANS
DIRECT TO YOUR HOMES.

From Rev James M Potts, D D, editor of the Michigan *Christian Advocate*, Detroit Michigan To say that we are delighted with the piano, does not express the fact. We are jubilant. If all your instruments are as fine in appearrnce and as pleasing in tone as this one, your patrons will rise by the hundred.

From Mrs A G Silverheels, Corydon, Warren county, Pa.: We are well pleased with the organ. Good tone and found to be as represented. jy23 1y

The Best, the Cheapest
IS A MAXIM THAT APPLIES WITH PECULIAR FORCE TO SCHOOLS.
WILLIAMS & ROGERS' ROCHESTER BUSINESS UNIVERSITY
Stands at the head of the list of commercial schools in its character as an educational force, as a medium for supplying the business men of the country with trained and capable assistants, as a means of placing ambitious young men and women on the road to success, and in the extent, elegance and cost of its equipment. THOROUGH COMMERCIAL, SHORTHAND AND PRACTICAL ENGLISH COURSES. The Twenty-seventh Annual Catalogue will be mailed to any address.

Duff's Mercantile College,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
This old and reliable instsution has prepared thousands of young men and women for the active duties of life. To those in want of a useful, practical education circulars will be sent on application. P. DUFF & SONS s24 1m

Ely's Cream Balm For
CATARRH
THE POSITIVE CURE.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.
THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c

Hoofland's German Bitters.
WILL PURIFY THE BLOOD
CLEAR THE COMPLEXION,
BRIGHTEN THE EYES,
SWEETEN THE BREATH,
TONE THE STOMACH,
REGULATE THE LIVER AND BOWELS,
and BUILD UP THE WHOLE SYSTEM TO PERFECT HEALTH.
As a Pleasant and effective Cathartic use Hoofland's Podophyllin Pills

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND
PENNYROYAL PILLS
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for *Chichester's English Diamond Brand* in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. *Refuse Substitutions and Imitations.* All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send us 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. *Name Paper.* Sold by all Local Druggists. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square PHILADELPHIA, PA.
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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.
25 CTS 25 CTS

What He Could Do.

He looked up and down the street furtively two or three times, took in the sign over the door once or twice and darted in as if afraid of being caught at it.

"This is an employment agency, ain't it?" he inquired of the man in charge.

"Yep," snapped that person.

"Get work for people, don't you?"

"Yep."

"Any kind of work?"

"Yep."

"All kinds?"

"Get something for me to do?"

"Yep."

"In a restaurant?"

"Ye— What in thunder can you do in a restaurant?" exclaimed the boss, catching himself.

"Eat"

Then he got the bounce.—Detroit Free Press.

Slow Publication.

"The reason I don't write for the magazines," said a story teller, "is because I can't stand to wait so long for publication. I sent a sketch to the Universe Magazine and they didn't print it until five years afterward."

"It was longer than that before they printed a poem I sent them," a poet replied.

"That so? How long was it before they did print it?"

"They didn't print it at all—sent it back."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Chili and Uncle Sam.

In the present emergency Chili ought to hear Ben Cotton "The negro Ministrel" Sing his song about the monkey and the elephant.

The monkey and the elephant went out to fiight. The monkey, he got mad, put on his coat, went right straight home and tended to his own busines.

Chili should be able to see the point.

A Family Resemblance.

Man.—Who is that homely girl across the street?

Dude—That, sir, is my sister.

Man—Ah! how very stupid of me not to notice the strong family resemblance.

Kicking Hill's Boom on the Shins.

When Mr. Cleveland talks of "shifty schemes," "political riddles," and "conundrums" he kicks the Hill boom on its shins.—*Dispatch*

A Drop Down for Free Traders.

The tariff which Senator Hill now wants, the Democratic party has fought since 1883. It is a big come down for free traders.—*Dispatch.*

THE GRIM REAPER STILL AT WORK IN OUR MIDST.

ANOTHER SOLDIER FALLEN.

We are called upon in this issue, to announce the death of John Keyer, of Milesburg.

He died Thursday at 9 p. m. of La Grippe and Pneumonia, aged 55 years. He had a fine record as a soldier, and was highly respected as a citizen. He was a large, robust, powerful man, whose appearance indicated a long life.

Funeral to-morrow at 2p. m., conducted by Comrades of Dr. Potter Post, No. 261 G. A. R., of which he was a worthy member, with usual ceremonies and service.

Interment in the Post Lot, new cemetery Milesburg.

Nothing in It·

Clubberly—Look here, I gave you sixteen collars last week, aud you sent back but fwelve.

Laundryman—Do you count your collars and cuffs before you send them out?

"Of course."

Then I guess we don't want your trade any more."—Clothier and Furnisher.

The Reason Why?

She—The paper speaks of the new man-of-war New York, as her. Now why do they always speak of a man-of-war as if it were a woman?

He—Probably it is because she always keeps a man on the lookout.

[illegible] made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. [illegible] Address at once,

ACME BLACKING is cheaper at 20 cents a bottle than any other Dressing at 5 cents.
A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAYS
because shoes once blackened with it can be kept clean by washing them with water. People in moderate circumstances find it profitable to buy it at 20c. a bottle, because what they spend for Blacking they save in shoe leather.
It is the cheapest blacking considering its quality, and yet we want to sell it cheaper if it can be done. We will pay
$10,000 Reward
for a recipe that will enable us to make WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING at such a price that a retailer can profitably sell it at 10c. a bottle. This offer is open until Jan. 1st, 1893.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

Old furniture painted with
PIK-RON
(this is the name of the paint), looks like stained and varnished *new furniture*. One coat will do it. A child can apply it. You can change a pine to a walnut, or a cherry to mahogany; there is no limit to your fancies. All retailers sell it.

FOUND WATERY GRAVES.

TWO MEN DROWNED IN THE SUSQUEHANNA AT HARRISBURG

A Party of Three Men Were Engaged in the Dangerous Business and Clarence McGinley and George W. Michael Lost Their Lives.

HARRISBURG, January 14.—The river is five feet above high water mark, and there is plenty of drift wood passing down. This afternoon three men, Louis B. Shindler, a brother of the ex-cornor; Clarence McGinley and George W. Michael, residents of South Harrisburg, were out in a boat catching logs. About 2.45 they were out between the Vanderbilt piers and the P. H. & P. railroad bridge, where the current is very swift, and their light craft striking oue of the piers was overturned, throwing the men in the water. One of the men was drowned at once, but Shindler and the remaining man held on to the bottom of the overturned boat until it had floated two or three squares.

Unable longer to assist his comrade, Shindler released his hold of the latter and he sank from sight. Shindler shouted for help and his cries attracted the attention of persons on shore· Several person jumped into boats and rowed after Shindler, who was brought safely to shore. He was almost exhausted and well nigh frozen, but was able to walk to his home, No. 123 Conoy street.

Michael lived at 521 Race street, and McGinley also lives on Conoy street. All the men have families. The accident drew a large crowd to the scene, and the agonized cries of the wives of the drowned men caused many an eye to fill with tears. On account of the high stage of water the bodies may not be recovered for months. Roth the drowned men were employes of the Central Iron works and members of Robert Tippett council Jr. O. U. A. M.

INCREASING HIS ARMY.

GARZA AND HIS MEN ABOUT READY TO INVADE MEXICO.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., January 14.—General David Stanley has just received reports of a confidential nature from the commanders of the different troops engaged in scouting for Garza.

While it is not positively known what the reports contain. enough is known to warrant the statement that Garza and his men are now engaged in mustering a greater force than they have ever had since the uprising occurred.

The United States authorities along the river between Laredo and Brownsville have received reliable information, through Mexican spies engaged for the purpose, that Garza now has his headquarters on the Mexican and Texas railroad, about 100 miles east of Laredo; that he is receiving recruits from Mexico and various parts of Texas daily, and that bands of revolutionists are well organized and scattered all along the line of the railroad. They are well disciplined and among the commanding officers are many Mexicans thoroughly familiar with military tactics and the best mode of warfare, These spies have also discovered that a concerted move of the entire revolutionary forces will be made on Mexico within the next ten day.

These reports have greatly stirred up the military authorities on both sides of the river. United States troops are to be concentrated in the territory now reported as being occupied by the revolutionists as rapidly as possible.

A dispatch from Fort Reno, O. T., says; The infantry companies now stationed at Fort Reno have been ordered to Texas for service. It is presumed they are to take part in the troubles on the Rio Grande. The Fifth cavalry is expected to march for Texas at any moment.—Altoona *Tribune*.

FROM THE PHONOGRAPH.

How a Man Felt When He Heard His Words Repeated.

Uptown there is a phonographer, and the man who is running it is a hotel owner, says the Lewirtown *Journal*. He had a caller Tuesday whose "dander" was up. The room was quite full of people and the caller had an insane desire to give his man a "piece of his mind."

He did so. Ho berated him up hill and down. He didn't leave him, as he expressed it, in any kind of shape.

All the time the object of the attack had on the counter by his side the phonograph, in action, only the caller didn't know it. When he had finished, the Lewistown man said:

"Are you done?"

"Just one moment," was the rejoinder; "I want you to bear what you said," and the merciless phonograph was reserved and the record pronounced through the machine so that he could bear it.

A blush overspread the caller's face. He listened in wonder and surprise. As oaths and epithets flowud out of the machine., the exact production of his own vituperation, he moved away, and when all was done a man more sheepish and ashamed could not he found.

Said he, after a moment's thought, turning to the Lewistown man, "I have had a valuable lesson. No man who would talk like that in public has any right to be considered. I want you to pull that record, as you call it, off from that machine and give it to mo. I'll pay for it."

It was done, and the cailer stood by the counter uttering apologies and whittling into pieces the wax cylinder that contained his remarks.

WILL THERE BE WAR

THE CHILIAN TROUBLE IS NOW BECOMING REAL INTERESTING.

Ther is an Uneasy Feeltng at the Capitol and Those Who Looked on the Matter in a Spirit of Fun Have Now Changed Their Minds.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 13.—Chili must answer speedily. This is the substance of a dispatch that has been cabled to Minister Egan within the past forty-eight hours. President Harrison has grown tired of Chili's delay in giving a reply to this government's demand for satisfaction and has determined that she must make answer without further delay. The fact that he has taken this decided stand has been a closely guraded secret in the state department and it only leaked out through inadvertance last night.

Secretary Blain's recent information from Mr. Egan satisfiied President Harrison that at least another month would elasp before we should hear from Chili, and he had no guarantee that the answer then would not be a shuffling and evasive one, with a view to further delaying a settlement of the controversy. It is understood that Minister Egan has been instructed to notify the Chilian foreign office that not only do we want a speedy reply as to its purposes, but that we still insist upon a full reparation being mgde for the outrage upon the Baltimore's sailors. The phrase "full reparation" is the polite language of diplomacy, but it is understood to cover the three points at issue—an opology an idemnity and the punishment of all the parties convicted of the outrage.

Chili, reply had not reached the state department when the cabinet meeting adjourned yesterday, but an intimation was received from Mr. Egan in the morning that something definite from Chili might be expected within a few days. President Harrison announced at the cabinet meeting that another disprtch was looked for last night, and that it was not improbable that it might contain information of an interesting character.

No little satisfaction was expressed at the meeting over the message from Commander Evans, of the Yorktown, in which he announced the summary action taken by him regarding the recent assault upon a party of his sailors at Valparaiso· Commander Evans rejoices in the soubriquet of "Fighting Bob." Naval officers here who served with him say that he is one of the most courageous and determined officers in the service. There is no doubt that it the outrage upon his men is repeated he will do as he says, take the matter in his own hands, and somebody besides his own men will be likely to get hurt.

A later dispatch says. There can be little doubt that the development of the last few days in the Chilian question has had the effect to create a very uneasy feeling at the capitol. The senators and representatives who have all along derided the idea of any serious result following the Chilian correspondence and have had the greatest confidence that Chili would soon tender an ample apology and make reparation for the misdeeds of her subjects, are now willing to admit privately that the situation is full of the gravest difficulites.

One ominous sign is the great inactivity of congress in the matter. Heretofore it has been customary whenever matters of the smallest public interest on the subject of diplomatic correspondence, for one of the two houses of congress to call upon the president for all the information in the po-session of the state department in relation to the matter, but no senator or member has yet been ventursome enough to introduce a resolution calling for the Chilian correspondence, although it has been apparent to all of them that the relations of the United States with Chili have been strained nearly to the point of rupture within the last few weeks. The very gravity of the situation appears to have had a repressive effect upon congress. The republicans are indisposed to embarass the president by calling for the correspondence, having in view his significent promise to transmit it to congress at an early day. The democrats are fearful of interfering with the negotations, thereby precipitating trouble that may then be chargeable to their action.

Very naturally the senate and its members who are members of the committee having the foreign relations of the government in their charge are unwilling to express themselves at this juncture upon the merits of the controversy with which they may soon have to deal officially, but from their private expressions it is clear that no party lines are to be drawn and that the president will have the united support of congress in the adoption of any measure he feels to be necessary to the preservation of the dignity of the United States.

Another Chilian Incident.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 12.—The following cable message from Commander Evans, commanding the gunboat Yorktown, the only United States vessel now in Chilian waters was made public this afternoon:

VALPARAISO, January 8, 1892,—Secretary of the navy.—Dear Sir: Yesterday afternoon my gig while lying off the landing place waiting for me was stoned by three men in a crowd of bad characters. No one injured. I visited immediately the Chilian senior naval officer afloat and requested him to notify the police authorities here that I demanded their protection and tnat if the offense was repeated I should take the matter in my own hands and protect my men with arms. Much regret was expressed by the Chilian senior naval officer who went at once to the police. To-day I have the assurance that the parties will be punished and protection given, [Signed] EVANS.

A COURAGEOUS MONTANA WOMAN.

A lady whose name could not be learned met with a startling adventure while traveling on the stage near Moulton's station very earling one morning recently. The lady resides in Montana, and with her five-year-old daughter was on her way to visit her parents, who reside near Fort Bidwell. Arriving at Amedee, the remainder of the trip must be traveled by stage coach. Herself and daughter constituted the passengers, and, as the night was extremely cold, blustry, and disagreeable, she preferred riding on the inside of the coach.

Before leaving Amedee, the curtains were all fastened. The coach rumbled along all right for miles, the horses were changed, and nothing unusual transpired until Madeline Plains was reached, when suddenly the driver fell from the seat and the team continued driverless toward the next station. The lady soon realized her plight and endeavored to vacate the coach as expeditiously as possible; but the curtains were fastened on the outside. Possessed with great presenee of mind, she hastily took her penknife and cut the fastenings und thus secured an avenue to reach terra firma.

Her first move was to drop the little girl from the coach as gentle as possible, and then she following, alighting in safety After running a short distance she managed to stop the horses and, placed the child on the seat, the lady mounted the coach and drove to the Moulton station. A relief expedition was sent out after the driver, who was met beating his weary way into the station.

It seems the jehu had become sleepy, or something of the kind, and lossing his equilibrium had fallen overboard. Another driver less sleepy was found at the station who continued on the journey. Fortunately the team happened to be aery gentle, otherwise the adventure might not have terminated so luckily. The lady displayed great nerve and coolness, and it is due to that fact that herself and little daughter escaped a fearful fate.

Marriage Under Difficulties.

A. M. Phillips and Millie Burns, of Coleridge, Neb., had to visit three States before they were married.

The couple first went to Hartington to be united, but the bride was too young to meet the requirements of the Nebraska law. On December 20 they started for Yankton, they being assured that they would meet with no obstacles in a State where it is so easy to sever the marriage relations. Arriving at the Missouri River they found that the bridge had been washed out only an hour before. It was night before they finally found a boatman to take them to the South Dakota bank, where they found themselves two miles above the town in a willow thicket. Late at night they reached town and were obliged to wait till morning before calling on a justice of the peace. The next day they learned to their disgust that the laws of South Dakota, although more liberal than those of Nebraska, did not sanction the marriage of one so young as the would be bride. They were told to go to Iowa, which they did and there met with better success.

Among the Roma e were three ways of securing a wife—by capture, sale or gift. When a Roman bought a wife, and this was the usual way. the cermony that followed was only gone through for the sake of having indisputable eviden e of the sale. The head of the family had to give the young lady to the husband in the presence of witnesses, and it is from this cermony that we derive the modern, custom of giving away the bride. In fact all three of the old Roman customs are still in vogue. When a young couple elope the gentleman virtually captures the girl. She is a gift when her match-making mamma forces her upon some rich and unsuspecting bachelor, and when she marries a titled foreigner she is greatly sold.

Gold is a sure cure for many of the ills of life. It is an infallible remedy for poverty. It is playing a wonderful part in the reformation of drunkards, and it even bids fair to prevent a sanguinary war in Europe. Russia has of late been endeavoring to unload a large amount of bonds upon the French and German markets, but the bankers of both countries have declined to accept them, and if reports are true, the Russian finances are not on a war footing. With a terrible famine sweeping off thousands of its subjects, and with hardly money enoogh in the treasury to meet current expenses, the growl of the Russian bear is not so loud and aggressive as usual.

GEN. BRISBIN DEAD.

As we go to press we learn that Major General James H. Brisbin of the U. S. Army died this morning in Philadelphia. Gen. Brisbin was a native of Centre county, and well known to many of our citizens, Too late for particulars.

The Brute.

Xautippe—Do you think that a man can love his second wife as he does his first.

Socrates—Not by a long shot provided the first one is dead.

THE GARZA REVOLUTION.

ITS LEADER IS SICK BUT THE TROUBLD STILL GOES ON BRAVELY.

A Good Many Malcontents Who Are Opposed to the Diaz Government.

AUSTIN, Tex., January 12.—A letter from a member of the Texas legislature, from his home in one of the southwestern counties, dated January 9, and addressed to Adjutant General Mabrey, is interesting in view of the situation on the Rio Grande. After requesting the appointment of his son as a special in the Ranger service says:

"While I do not think we are in danger from Garzar's following, yet their dispersion presages much trouble from thieving and brigandage. In fact, the country is in such a direful condition that none will stay who can get away. We have had no rain yet, and everything is dried up. Nobody can subsist unless by transported subsistance. "Garza is undoubtly hors de combat, wherever he may be, from the effects of rupture and wounds. You may rest assured he is not the head of the movement. Both the brains and funds are furnished from Mexico. He is being used as a means to divert attention from the real danger. You may expect to hear more in the near future on this subject. I am sure 99 per cent, of the Mexicans on Texas soil are in deep sympathy with any movement versus Diaz. If not actively, passively, and this is my reason for soliciting my son's appointment as an authorized help. We have to attend to our own security. There are but few white men or settlers in all the country south and east of the international down to the coast, which is consequently at the mercy of the ill-disposed, should they combine, as they have no love for those they consider intruders."

A dispatch from Pueblo, Colorado, says: A rumor is current here that an effort is being made by a few young Mexican men in Las Animas, Huerfana and Costilla countries to raise a strong company to join Garza on the Texas frontier, and that the plan is being agitated by some of the younger sons of once well known families. They argue that they have nothing to lose and everything to gain; that if Garza fails in over-throwing President Diaz, which they claim to believe is almost impossible, they can quietly return to their homes and take up the old life once more, but should he win, wealth and power are within their grasp.

Mrs. Madison,s Only Son.

Old residents of the city of Washington remember the time when Mrs. Madison, the wife of the President, passed the last years of her life there.

She lived in her own house which was handsome enough and well furnished. But it was known to a few friends that she was living in extreme proverty, if not in destitution.

A colored man who had been her slave once wrote of her:

"She was in a state of absolute proverty and I think sometimes suffered for the necessaries of life. While I was a servant of Mr. Webster, he often sent me to her with a market basket full of provisions, and told me whenever I thought she was in need of anything to supply it.

"I often did this, and occasionally gave her small sums from my own pocket, though I had years before bought my freedom."

Mrs. Madison, beside being the widow of a President, who was also worthy planter, possessed some property in her own right, and her only son was originally a man of a large fortune. It was this son that brought her to ruin. He was the child of her first husband, and his name was Payne Todd.

Durning the Presidency of Mr. Madison he lived in the White House with them, a pretty, engaging lad, with a pleasing talent for mimicry.

Everybody liked. courted petted, and flattered him. When older he took to no serious occupation, and finally went to Europe, where he spent many idle years, wasting his fortune in extravagance.

On his return home, he was no better. He did, indeed, by an estate in Virginia but at that time an estate in Virginia was of little value unless it was vigilantly looked after by the owner.

And so he wasted his life and his substance. After spending the whole of his own fortune, he allowed his mother to waste hers upon him, for she continued to the last to be dotingly fond of him.

She was obliged to sell Montpelier, and if Congress had not bought from her her husband's papers, she must have been wholly dependent upon charity. The last words she uttered were, "My poor boy."

Two years after her death, her son died of typhoid fever, carefully nursed to his last moment by the old servants of the family.

The amount of mischief that can be done by one petted and spoiled child is beyond calculation. If parents would seriously consider this matter there would be far less misery in the world.

The Fire Patrol.

On Wednesday evening Mr. James W. Harkin's new play, "The Fire Patrol," made its appearance in Bellefonte for the first time. The very disagreeable weather kept most of those at home who would otherwise have been there and consequently the audience was small. Notwithstanding this fact the company gave a complete rendition of the famous play, and we feel safe in saying that it was the best play, rendered by one of tne strongest companies that ever appeared in Bellefonte, The "Midnight Alarm," another of Mr. Harkins' plays and given with an equally strong company, will be here on February 12, and at that time the opera house should be crowded.

Joke on the Tombstone Man.

A traveling salesman for a marble house in Indiana, tells the following: "I was taking orders in Miami county and heard that a man living about fifteen miles away had lost his wife.

I at once made it my business to see that man and get his order for a $100 stone, if possible.

I drove the fifteen miles over a worse road than I supposed could be found in the United States. About two o'clock P. M. I reached the place, and found some half dozen little motherless children who told me that Dad was back on the farm at work.

I started out to find him, went through plowed fields, cornfields, creeks, mudholes, brier patches, over logs, stumps and brush heaps, and found my man in the back lot, pulling turnips. He looked very solemn aud serious

I induced him to sit down on a log with me, and made my business known. After hearing my story he said "I guess I wont take any to-day." I then went for him in my best style, tried to reach his emotions by speaking feelingly of the loved one, who had gone and left him alone in the world. Told him he was abundantly able to put up a $500 monument, but that a $50 one would be respectable and that surely he ought to give me an order for a stone worth at least $25. He looked very mournful, and I thought I had him sure.

He straightened up a little and said, "I guess not to-day." I didn't give it up, but tried him once more. I talked to his motherless children, the happy hours he had spent with the dear departed, in fact talked out my string, and with tears in my eyes wound up by asking him, can you in any possible way justify yourself, in case you do not erect at least, a modest stone in memory of the dear, dead wife of your bosom? He still looked very solemn and "replied "I guess I won't take any tomb stones to-day. I've lost my wife, that's sure. But she ain't dead, she's jest run off with a feller that's hansomer'n me. No! I won't take any to-day."

Expensive, After All.

It makes little or no difference how low the price of a thing may be, if one has no money with which to buy it. Many a "ne'er-do-well," searching for a land where he may live in luxury for almost nothing, has discovered that there is sure to be some obstacle to his success in every country to which he goes.

"I can tell you," said a recently returned traveler, who was clad much after the fashion of Mr. Richard Swiveller, "I tell you, Argentina's the place to go! Everything is dirt cheap there! Why, you can get a splendid fat turkey for twenty cents!"

"Whew!" said one of the interested bystanders. "If I'd been in your place I should have stayed there!"

Would you, now!" remarked the traveler, eying his friend meditatively, "Well, then since you'd have stayed, probably you can tell me how I was to get the twenty cents in Argentina?"

Brotherly Criticism.

It is unwise, as a general thing, to ask other people what they think of our work. The result may be unpleasant, both for them and for us.

Two ministers were discussing the process of sermon-writing.

"Now, with me," said one of them, "the only really hard things to manage are the introduction and the conclusion. You remember the sermon I preached at the installation of Brother So-and-So not long ago? Well, I flattered myself that the exordium and the peroration of that sermon were pretty well done. Do you remember what you thought of them?"

"Yes," said the other minister; "I remember thinking they were very good, but too far apart."

Memphis' Earthquake.

The good people of Memphis, Tenn., were aroused from their slumbers at 2.04 a. m., Thursday, by two heavy shocks of eathquake. Doors, windows, crockery and glass ware rattled and crashed. The night workers, newspaper men, early morning restauranters, card and billiard players, were first in the streets, but were soon followed by the balance of the citizens.

The alarm did not last long, and but little damage was done. Reports from Mississippi, Alabama and other points in Tennessee show that, quite an extensive area felt the shock. A noise like distant thunder followed the shock.

DEATH.

Mrs. Maggie Adams, wife of Charles Adams, of Milesburg, and daughter of Wm. Gilbraith, who died some years since at Altoona, died on Thursday. Her age was about 45. She leaves one child.

Funeral to-morrow at 10.36 a. m. at Milesburg.

His Condition.

Patchem—Here's a story of a man living in Alabama, sixty-five years old, who has never tasted liquor.

Flaskem—It's a lie.

How so?"

"The man is not living. He's merely existing."—St Joseph's News.

RULE OR RUIN.

Probably Both Mixed in About Equal Proportions.

On Thursday last, The Hill Senators at Albany, established a precedent.

The Enumeration bill passed without previous question, second reading or limit to the discussion.

Seventeen Democrats voted for its passage. The six Republican Senators refused to vote. The Rev. Senator Edwards (independent) voted in the negative.

Lieutenant Governor Sheehan told the Senators that under rule 14 adopted by the senate for the government of that body, each member must vote. As under the rule every Senator present in the chamber when a question is stated from the chair, unless excused by the senate, or unless he be interested in the question, must vote.

Four Republican Senators still refused to vote.

The Democratic Senators and Lieutenant Governor held a short consultation, and Cantor, as Democratic leader offered a resolution declaring Republican Senators Erwin, Saxton and O'Connor in contempt, and in spite of the manly appeals of Erwin who has been six years in the Assembly and has been Speaker of the Assembly, and now is in his third term in the Senate, the 17 valiant Democratic Senators voted them in contempt, the 9 Republicans present voting in the negative.

What next will be done with them, will be determined next week. The Senate has the power to expel them, and to send them to the Albany county jail for the rest of the season of the Legislature. The Hill Senators are in such a condition of elation over the capture of the Legislature, there is no foreseeing what they may do.

Verily, whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad.

Wise and Otherwise

"Come live in my heart
And pay no rent,"
Pleaded the love-lorn swain,
But the maiden would not.
Give her constant
And she rent his heart in twain.

Oil producing is probably the only business in the world in which all profits are divided from a-crude interest.

The man who said "Advice is cheap" never consulted a lawyer.

Don't take it too much to heart if the world seems inclined to give you a kick. A kick, properly administered often elevates a man.

It will be a number of years yet before Miss Ruth Cleveland makes her debut as a full-fledged society lady, but she has opened many a bawl already.

Speaking of debt most men are right in t.

Why don't the society for the protection of children pass a resolution condenming the custom of making the harbor buoy a bar tender.

No, my lass, they don't kill any fatted calves when the prodigal daughter comes home. The poor girl is lucky if they will even let her in.

Don't tell a lazy man to consider the ways of the ant· A strong healthy hornet with his dander up can give the sluggard a position that will fill him with activity.

No, Ethel, we never saw any fairies sailing around on butterflies, but we have often seen a full grown man out on a lark.

The world's history is a divine poem, of which the history of every nation is a canto and every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and though they have been mingled with the discords of warring cannon and dying men, yet to the Christian philosoher and historian—the humble listener—there has been a divine melody running through the song which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come.—A. J. A, Garfield.

Doubly Defined.

Tommy—What is a "running account?" Pa says it's an account merchants have to keep of their customers that are in the habit of running away from paying their bills.

Uncle—That's one definition of it.

Tommy—Is there another?

Uncle—Yes. A running account is, in some instances, an account that gets tired out running after a while, and then it becomes a standing obligation.

An Insulted Alderman.

Contractor—Did you offer that Alderman $500, as I directed?

Secretary—Yes, sir.

"How did he act?"

"He looded insulted,"

"What did he say?"

"He said I ought to be in the penitentiary."

"What did he do?"

"He took the money."—N. Y. Weekly.

Against His Will.

Father—So you had your collar bone and three ribs broken playing football. I thought you had more sense.

Son—Well, whose fault was it? I didn t want to go to college, did I?

And He Sighed.

Gay Bachelor—Do you think there is anything in the theory that merried men live longer than unmarried ones?

Henpecked Friend (wearily) Oh, I don't know—seems longer.

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This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 128 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated diseases. Do not ever take

BLUE PILLS

or mercury, they are deadly. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.

Is your Tongue Coated with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Your stomach is out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS immediately. Is your Urine thick, ropy, clo-udy, or high-colored?

Don't Wait! Your Kidneys are out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use Sulphur Bitters!

Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is The Invalid's Friend.

The young, the aged and tottering are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow,

Try a Bottle To-day!

Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.

Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published?

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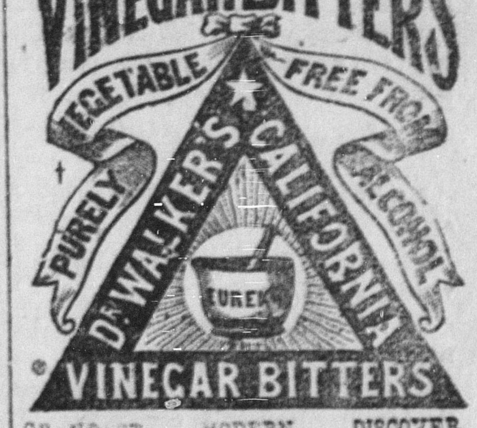

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far surpassing alcohol in any shape as a tonic it might be called

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since it stimulates, invigorates and regulates digestion, nutrition, secretion, excretion, respiration, and all the functions whereby life is maintained—we literally take in vitality in spoonful,

It is too much to assert that the equal of Vinega Bitters does not exist, and no counterpart or compound with similar virtues has ever been known

CALIFORNIA,

if remarkable for nothing else, would be immortal ized by the production of the medicinal fruits roots and herbs of which this Bitters is composed. Many of them used by the Indians and the medical profession in the treatment of chills and fevers rheumatism, catarrh, consumption, neuralgia headaches, liver complaint, kidney disease, jaundice, gout, piles, boils, skin diseases, &c, &c., too numerous to mention, but easily understood when the action of the Bitters on the vital functions is remembered. The discovery was partly accidenta but the present

PERFECT BITTERS IS THE RESULT OF SCIENCE.

Millions of sufferers have gratefully and gladly endorsed, during the past quarter of a century the wonderful success of this

PHENOMENAL TONIC OF THE WORLD.

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THE OLD STYLE IS STRONGER, SLIGHTLY BITTER, AND MORE CATHARTIC.

THE NEW STYLE, PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, AND EXPRESSLY ADAPTED TO DELICATE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

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THE DEADLY MICROBE AND OMNIPRESENT BACTERIA

in malarial diseases, cholera, consumption, internal diseases, &c., and so great is its power as a germicide that it is an

UNEQUALLED VERMIFUGE.

A book could be written of its virtues, and another of testimonials, but it is only necessary to remember its general action upon the liver, blood, brain and nerves, to realize its use in a majority of the ills that flesh is heir to, and that no family should ever be without a bottle of

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When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

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A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

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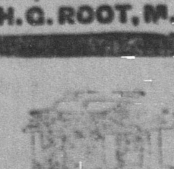

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To CORRESPONDENTS. No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

BEERS & DILLION.

Local Department.

—Court convenes next Monday.

—Clinton county evidently has another murderer within her borders.

—The harness shop of William McClure was locked up by the sheriff on Saturday night.

—"The New Boy Tramp" will be the next attraction at the opera house, and it will be here Monday night, January 25th.

—There seems to be a remarkable similarity between Russia and Bellefonte. In the former it is hard work to keep the wolf from the door while in the latter it is as much of a struggle to keep the sheriff away.

—Wonder if the up-town daily *Who Next* has yet succeeded in explaining away the little (?) "Onpleasantness" that, like the big tail of a little comet, followed in the wake of the school teachers' watch contest?

—Mr. H. C· Baney and T. R. Benner take this method of returning their thanks to those who so kindly sent their carriages to the depot to convey the relatives and friends to the funeral of the late Mrs. Fannie Baney who died at Atlantic City N. J, and was brought to this place for burial.

COMING AND GOING

Mr. George Owen of Mechanicsburg is a visitor in town.

Miss Gussie Krom of Lock Haven is visiting Miss Lula Smith.

Mrs. Nolan is lying seriously ill, at her residence on east Howard street.

Andrew J. Cruse Jr. has returned from the naval academy at Annapolis.

Miss Gertrude Spigelmyer is enjoying a visit with friends in Williamsport.

Mrs. Mary Blanchard and daughter Rebecca are visiting friends in Philadelphia.

Mrs. John N. Lane is one of the afflicted with La Grippe, though we are pleased to learn not dangerously ill.

Mr. Will Burnside, of Pittsburg, has been spending a few days in Bellefonte. Will is now the proprietor of a supply house in the smoky city.

Miss Cora Hiltner, a charming young lady oi Tyrone, who has been visiting with her friend Miss Rose Fox of this city, returned to her home yesterday.

Mrs. Lousia Bush departed for Jersey shore this morning to attend the wedding of her nephew George C. Tome to Miss Kate Cochran to-morrow evening.

Harry Baney, and wife returned to Atlantic City immediately after the funeral of his grandmother yesterday. They came in on the 10,30 and returned on the 4,30.

Rev. T. W. Lydia will preach a sermon to the P. O. S. A. on Sunday, Jan. 24, at Coleville, and will repeat the Sermon at the Forge in the evening. A good turn out is expected, and a general invitation extended to all to come out and hear him.

Miss Emma Gillen one of Bellefonte's charming seamstresses went to Julian to visit her parents for a couple of weeks. We are sorry to learn that the heart of a Bellefonte young man has gone with her, and sad, sad will be the hours until her return. We learn that he accompanied the young lady to her home and it being a very lonely road, of course he prepared himself with several good revolvers and then was afraid to venture out, so was compelled to remain in Julian over night. We suppose, however that he can return in safety to-day.

The Bellefonte Republican is what its name indicates, a Republican news paper, and will be devoted to the interest of the Republican Party, and to the interests of Republicans in general. The publishers will at all other times during the coming campaign and advocate protection for Americus for American industries, American workingmen, and American homes.

We will fairly candidly and to the best of our ability discuss all questious of importance that may present themselver without animosity or hostility toward any who may differ with us.

Charity toward all and malice toward none is our motto.

Musical College.

The Spring Session opens Monday May 1, for Young Ladies in Vocal and Instrumental Music—Address, for circular.

H. B. MOYER.
Freeburgh, Pa.

Send Sample copy.

Blaine.

There were 58 delegates elected at Philadelphia, to go to the Republican State Convention, there to elect delegates to the National Convention, and 55 of them go instructed to vote for James G. Blaine.

It might be a good thing for the Hill seat stealers in the Senate to remember during the coming week that the people of the State of New York are in the habit of reading the newspapers.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Our Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Jan., 18, 1892.

Apologize or fight, represents in three words the present status of the Chilian affair. The time for negotiation has passed. Two weeks ago the President would have sent all of the correspondences and his proclamation to Congress had it not been for representations made by Senator Montt, who is thought to be sincerely in favor of peace, actually misrepresenting the intentions of his government, but there is now little doubt that he allowed his hopes to influence his statements to a degree not warranted by what he must have known the feeling of Chili to be towards the United States.

It is now fully settled that the proclamation, which is all ready, and the correspondence will go to Congress just as soon as the report of Judge Advocate General Remey, who took the deposition of the sailors of the Baltimore, is received, and that is expected this week. There can be no doubt that Congress will respond by an immediate declaration of war and a sufficient appropriation to rush it to a successful conclusion. Every preparation that can be possibly made in advance of the actual declar ation of war [illegible] care y looked after by the administration, although no details are being made public, as it is not desired that Chili shall know what we are doing.

Ex-Speaker Reed is proving that he is as much of a thorn in the flesh of the demoerts of the House, now making a pitiable exhibition of their incapcity to control national legislation, on the floor of the House as he was when in the Speaker's chair. So far he has only given them a little humorous nagging. Later he will sting.

The democratic party is always loud in its clamoring for ecomony, as shown by the adoption of the Holman clap-trap resolution by the House, but it was hardly twenty four hours after the adoption of the demagogic manifesto before the democrats of the House gave the country a practical demonstration of their insincerity by refusing to curtail the number of committee clerks employed by the House, notwithstanding the statement of honorable gentlemen members of the committee on accounts, that a number of the minor committee had no real need for clerks. The democrats are always willing to reduce any appropriation which is expended by republicans, no matter how much the public interest, but when it comes to reducing patronage controlled by themselves they always fly the track and refuse to do it, as in this case, where they authorize the paying of a number of sinecures for no other purpose than the bestowal of the patronage upon the chairman of a number of unimportant committees who are democrats.

Senator Aldridge, Allison, Hiscock, Carlisle and Harris, composing the sub-committee of the Senate finance committee, have gone to New York to complete their investigation, began last summer, of the effect of the McKinley tariff law upon the Trade and Commerce of country. Representative Boutelle, of Maine, made the most humorous speech of the session. Taking for his subject the present ludicrous aspect of the democratic party. From the beginning, when he said; "What a comical old humbug the democratic party is." to the end, when he said: "The people of this great country are going to have a happy and prosperous New Year in spite of the democratic party, the gentlemen from Indiana (Holman) and his nickle-in-the slot," the House was in an almost continous roar o laughter, in which most of the democrats good naturdly joined. Mr. Boutell' lampooning of Representatives Holman, Dokery, and Wheeler, although entirely free from ill natured personalities, must have been galling in the extreme to those gegtlemen but neither of them attempted to reply, although Wheeler says he will.

Oh no, Tammany does not boss the democratic party. It was merely by accident that the other twelve strongly backed applicants for the house restaurant privileges, which, owing to the large democratic majority are much more valuable than usual, were turned down, and the plum given to Tammany's man. It is also a slander, probably, to charge that Tammany will control the decision of the national democratic committee, which meets here this week, as to where the nominating convention shall be held, and yet, intelligent men, democrats, are making the charge.

Tramps and Law.

Camden county taxpayers have a grievance in the shape of heavy court and jail expenses. It seems one of their justice has struck a bonanza.

He has since January first committed 130 tramps to the county jail. He keeps a small battallion of constables at work picking up the tramps. It is a paying job. The justice gets a fee, the constable gets a fee, the turnkey at the jail gets a fee, the county clerk gets a fee and the sheriff gets $2.50 per week for boarding each bum. The taxpayer has to foot all the bills and he says the fun for the boys is hard on the frogs.

The justice commits each tramp for but ten days and so works him over and over through the winter months.

A bonanza for the tramps as well as for the officials. He gets a warm berth, fair bed and grub and can play seven up and smoke the tobacco he can beg from visitors all winter, and start out on his old beat in the spring.

A Manhattan Cocktail.

The Rev. Dr. Peters, of the Bloomingdale Church, gave an interesting lecture on the art of cocktail mixing last Sunday evening.—*Herald.*

The Reverend Doctor Peters is a very learned man;
He has mastered all the devil's arts that any mortal can.
But the last to take his scourging was, the cocktail made of rye,
And this, he says, the dose is that ye clubmen drink when dry!

A pinch of pepper, capsicum, and copperas and nitre,
Sulphuric cid, cardamon, and wormwood as a lighter;
Oil bitter almonds, orris root and black ants powdered fine,
Some iron sulphate, liquorice and logwood soaked in brine.

Then, as a topper-off, he sprays a dash of marble dus,
Of hartshorn aud japonic root, and prussic acid rust;
Then powdered glass and lemon juice, and salad oil and salt.
And a cherry red and luscious just to call the thing a halt!

Then a bit of round town gossip, and a smile upon the fates,
And you raise the glass, and wink your eye, and part the pearly gates;
Then you drain the festive vintage of Kentuck s fields of slumber,
And the "cabby" hunts your hat-crown for your name and street and number!

What a Texas Justice Said.

"What!" exclaimed a Texas justice to a colored culprit, "have you the audacity to say you do not recognize this pocket-book?"

"Yes, sah."

"But it was found in your possession?"

"In my what-did-yer-say, jedge?"

"In your possession. This pocketbook was found in your pocket, sir."

Jedge, you has done tole two stories about dat ar'. Fust, yer said hit was foun' in my possession, an' den yer 'lowed hit was foun' in my pocket. Bofe dem yarns can't be true. Ef de jedges on de bench can't tell de troof, hit's no wonder dat a poor miserable niggah like me am led estray."

The justice drew a long breath, and once more producing the pocket-book, said:

"You denied just now that you had ever seen this pocket-book. I now ask you again if you ever see this pocket-book beforej"

"Why, of course. Hit am de same one you showed me a minute ago. Yer must be losing yer mind, jedge."

Remanded to jail without bail.

A Queer Stomach.

From the New York Recorder.

New Haven has a puzzling case that the wisest physicians up there shake their heads over. R. H. Allen, a florist in Church street, has for more than thirty years suffered on account of his stomach. When 12 years old that organ used to close up if he filled himself with apples or pears. This might not have been specially notable in view of other boys' experiences, but Allen could not get his food down without drinking water very fast. It was then found that the valve in the oseophagus had the habit of closing and remaining rigid until it could be forced back by some hard substance. For thirty years he has forced his food into his stomach. He eats a good meal and then drinks about a pint of some liquid very fast, and by sheer will-power forces into his stomach the food which has accumulated in the oseophagus. If he did not do this his food would remain clogged up in the oseophagus for several days and not enter the stomach at all.

Veterans For War.

The Veterans at San Diego on the 14th wired President Harrison askiug permission to raise a brigade of troops for service in Chili. Their backs are up about the savage treatment of the American Seamen and would like to go down and clean Valparaiso out.

No doubt, should the President call for volunteer troops for Chili. The Boys would rally once again, three hundred thousand strong.

Garza Still At Large.

The Mexican revolutionist seems to be like a Fox, hard to catch.

Uncle Sam and Mexico are both after him, but he dodges and turns so often; they have not yet been able to capture or kill him. He is making it lively on both sides of the Rio Grande. The chase may be a long one, and it is uncertain whether the Mexicans will catch Garza or Garza the Mexicans.

A man out West has a well, from which a strong current of air arises, and he has arranged a number of wind instruments in a board cover so that when the breeze blows they all toot in unison. The discords are said to be almost equal to be almost equal to the best productions at a conservatory of music.

Mrs. Wangle. I have just returned from a visit to that poor family that our dear, good minister is so much interested in. Wangle: I should think your dear, good minister would call on them himself. Mrs. Wangle: How can he, the poor man, he is in Europe.

ALMA WOOD'S ELOPEMENT.

Her Father Taking Steps to Annual the Marriage and Prosecute the Groom.

An interesting sequel to the recent elopment of William H. McCornmack, aged twenty-four, and Miss Alma J. Wood, aged sixteen, both of Hopkinton, Mass., is promised. The irate father of the girl, Gardner P. Wood, threatens to institute legal proceedings against the groom and some of the abettors of the runaway match. Mr. Wood was in Blackstone recently, and visited Deputy Sheriff Nugent. He was in quest of the person who married the couple, and was driven to the home of Justice of the Peace James O'Reilly, of Millville, who tied the nuptial knot. Mr. O'Reilly, was confined to his bed by illness, but Mr. Wood had a long confab with him, and then took a train to Worcester, to lay his case before District Attorney F. A. Gaskell.

Mr. Wood is greatly incensed over the stories circulated concerning his alleged cruelty to Alma, and says that his desire had been to make the girl's life a happy and pleasant one. He says that he will spare no expense in his efforts to annul the marriage, and that if possible he will have the persons prosecuted who assisted in bringing about the ceremony. McCormack gave his own age as twenty-three, and that of his bride as eighteen, when he secured the license from Town Clerk Hefferman of Blackstone.

The bride's wedding toilet was a wrapper and knitted cap, showing that her leave taking of the paternal mansion was somewhat hurried. The prospective groom called at the City Clerk' office in Woodsocket on the day of the marriage and attempted to secure a marriage license, but failed to do so on account of the tender age of the prospective bride.

SCRAPS.

—A Successful Life—Hungry Joe—"So Puddin' Pete is deat! He was a mighty successful feller Bill." Sloper Bill—"You bet. He never done an hour's work in his life."—N. Y. Herald.

We have seen a poor boy grow rich by industry and good management, and a rich boy grow poor by idleness and dissipation—*Indiana Farmer.*

There would not be so much room at the top if an elevator ran up there—*Pluck.*

"My hair," mused Van Smythe, as he carefully consigned his two remaining wisps to their appointed places, reminds me most painfully of a fool and his money."

The Boston girl has a love for books,
And an intellect commanding,
But the Chicago girl has better looks
And a larger understanding.

Little girl (reading): "Nature unadorned is adorned the most." What does that mean? Little Brother (after deep thought: I guess it means a roast chicken is nicer than a chicken wif its feathers on,

As the cook said to the dough: This is my hour of knead.

Your friend may be the soul of hospitality, but he is not apt to forget that it is your treat.

If college men would only tackle the world as they do their foot-ball opponents, the rest of us would never get a goal.

Customer (at bird store): Is this parrot over here a talker? Owner of store: Is he a talker? Madam, we call that bird Jo Cook.

Concluded to Remain.

The following, reported by the New York Sun, must have taken place in the good old times when patience was more generally practiced by congregations than now:

A stranger entered the meeting house in the middle of the service, and took a seat in the back pew. Presently he whispered to the man at his side, evidently one of the old members:

"How long has he been preaching?"

"Thirty or forty years, I think," answered the eldery man. I don't know exactly

"I'll stay, then," said the stranger. "He must be nearly done."

He Couldn't Afford to.

Mr, Suburb: Well, I was never more surprised in my life. I had a long and serious talk with a stranger whom I met on the train, and who do you think he was?"

Editor Weekly Fun: Give it up.

"He was Mr. Button-buster, one of your chief humorists.

"What about him?"

"Why, he didn,t crack a joke all the time we were together."

"His jokes are worth five dollars apiece."

A Reporter in Luck.

City Editor (hurriedly): Anything new about that suicide in the St. Fashion hotel?

Reporter: Not much. The man was a stranger, about my size. Shot himself with a 32-calibre revolver. Had on a dress suit at the time. The body has been taken to the morgue.

City Editor: 'Bout yonr size? That's lucky. I want you to report a big society wedding in about an hour. Rush around to the morgue and ask the keeper to lend you that dress suit.—New York Weekly.

Nothing gives more mental and bodily vigor than sound rest when properly obtained. Sleep is our great replenisher; and if we neglect to take it regularly in childhood, the result will be all the worse for us when we grow up. If we go to bed early, we ripen; if we sit up late, we decay; and sooner or later we contract a disease called insomania, or sleeplessness, allowing it to be permanently fixed upon us, and then we begin to decay, even in youth. Late hours are shadows from the grave.

DEAD.

Mrs. Fannie Baney.

One week ago this old lady, so well known to the people of our city left here, in company with her husband and son, for Atlantic City.

To-day her lifeless body was returned here for burial. She was a member of the M. E church and Rev. Houck conducted the funeral services.

The fatigue and excitement incident to the trip, were too great for the old lady's feeble strength.

Our sympathy is extended to her aged husband, who realizes that he will soon follow his aged companion. Many years have they walked hand in hand since they took upon themselves the vow to cleave unto each other, till death should separate them. Death has separated them, but for only a short time.

Faith gives us the assurance, that we shall meet our friends in a better world than this, and we hope this aged couple will walk together again in bliss.

We also condole with the son and other relations and friends of the deceased. Who are in sorrow because, mother is gone.

Picked Up.

There are eighty-three prisoners in the Westmoreland county jail.

The Brookville Republican says there will be a scramble for liquor license in that place in February. There are fifty-six applidants against thirty-four last year.

Miss Ella Lundergan has brought suit agatnst the city of Bradford, McKean county, to recover $5,000 damages for alleged injuries sustained by reason of a defective sidewalk.

There are nearly a dozen prospective candidates for county superintendent in Fayette, but it is hinted Supt. I. M. Herrington has his eye on a third term and has already enough pledges from directors to insure his election.

The Moundsville (W. Va.) Herald says the sentiment in favor of Secretary Elkins for governor of West Virginia is growing, and thinks Editor P. W. Morris of the Ritchie Gazette would add strength to the ticket as a candidate for attorney-general.

Ex-Senator McKnight and a number of Brookville (Jefferson connty) capitalists have sold a tract of 2,000 acres of hemlock timber lands in Elk county to a Ridgway tanning company for $50,000, oil and gas rights reserved. The Brookville syndicate bought the tract four years ago for $12 per acre.

An electric railroad between Scottdale and Broad Ford, in Fayette county, seems assured. The estimate court is $50,00. nearly all of which is subscribed. There are about 19,000 people between the two points. N. Miles is president of the company, J. E. Byrne secretary and W. N Porter treasurer.

The Scottdale Herald says that P. E. McCann of that town is a Democratic candidate for sheriff of Westmoreland county and the Greensburg machine is at work for him · that Curtis H. Gregg, defeated candidate for district-attorney, is out for state senator before the Democratic primaries, and that the Westmoreland Democrats don't know a good thing when they see it, or they would not have allowed the Greensburg Daily Record to suspend publication.

The Happy Family.

The Democrats ought to be happy. Some half dozen factional fights on hand just now. And like the Irishman's family who "enjoyed themselves best while hitting each other over the head."

Hill and Cleveland's friends are fighting over the New York National Convention delegates. Brice and Kerr are at it, and the Philadelphia democrats are telling Brice to mind his own business and let the state affairs alone.

The Hill and Cleveland factions in New York have appealed to the courts. Each praying an injunction restraining the other from holding a caucus at Syracuse, and each faction got the injunction against the other. Let 'em fight: as the boy said about the bears.

"No," said Briggs,,' I can't play poker. When I get a good hand I can't help looking happy." "On such an occasisn," said Braggs, "I can keep my face straight by thinking of what my wife will say to me when I get home."

A Cogent Reason.

Spinster—Why do they always represent the oldest inhabitant as a man?

Bachelor—Because a woman never gets beyond the age of twenty-six.

WORKING TO SAVE GRAVES.

A DETECTIVE CLAIMS TO HAVE SECURED IMPORTANT EVIDENCE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 15.—Detective Hoods of Denver is in the city, claiming that he has been employed by the friends of Dr. Graves, now under sentence of death at Denver for the murder of Mrs. Barnaby. He says that he has thirty affidavits from people in this city showing that Mrs. Barnaby was not poisoned by Dr. Graves. These affidavits, while not making direct charges, insinuate that Mrs. Worrell, Mrs. Barnaby's nurse, did the poisoning, and that Mrs. Worrell is known to have purchased poisons here.

Detective Woods further says that he has discovered that strychnine was purchased here ostensibly for Mrs. Barnaby, the purchaser stating that it was wanted to poison rats. As Mrs. Barnaby boarded at hotels all the time it is not probable she would use strychnine for such a purpose. The detective claims he knows the party who purchased this poison. Another affidavit from a servant at Arrowhead Springs hotel, San Benardino county, where Mrs. Barnaby stopped, states this servant heard Mrs. Worrell say she wished Mrs. Barnaby would die; that she was great trouble to her and that the only reason she stayed with her was in the hope that Mrs. Barnaby would leave her some money in her will.

Down-Trodden.

He was a big, sullen looking fellow, towering fourteen inches above the meek, inoffensive looking little woman trotting along by his side, and the casual observers would have said at a glance that she was a broken-spirited, brow-beaten wife to whom marriage had been a failure, which would have proven that the opinion of the casual observer is of little value.

They entered a clothing store and he asked to be shown some "pants." He picked up about the first pair shown him and said that he would take them when she snatched them from him, tossed them from him, tossed them aside and said icily:

"Well. yon'll do nothing of the sort, Jack Smith! I think I see you paying $7 for a pair of pants. This pair at $5 is just as good if they don't look quite so well. They're too short? They're nothing of the sort, and I can let down the hem if they are a little short. Here, Mr. Clerk, do up these pants."

Then she fished out on old leather wallet up from the depths of a pocket in an unsuspected place and paid for the "pants' after which she graciously tossed the big bully by her side a ten-cent piece, saying as she did so:

"There's the dime you said you wanted to get some tobaco with. Go out and get it while I wait here for you, and don't be gone more than ten minutes either, for we're going home on the next car. Hurry up!"—Free

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We are in receipt of the first number of the Kane Republican, a weekly paper started by Lucius Rogers and John W. Baker. Kane is one of the new and flourishing towns of McKean county, with a population of about 3,000, being the largest borough on the Philadelphia & Erie road between Renovo and Warren. The paper starts off vigorously, and is Republican in politics.

Will Carry Corn Free.

The Western Railroads between the Missouri river and the Seaboard will carry corn free, for the Russian sufferers.

This is a donation of at least $25,000. All honor to the Railroads. We can be proud of our railroads, while we feel ashamed some of our congressmen.

Work on the Oregon.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 15.—The frame of the battle-ship Oregon having been completed the work of putting on her outward plates began to-day. The Oregon will have a displacement of 10,500 tons and is the first battle-ship to be built on the Pacific coast.

—Just One More.—"You'll remember, Corney, that every glass you take is a nail in your coffin,,' said the master, as he poured a glass of whisky for his laborer. "Well, your honor," says Corney, "may be as you have the hammer in your hand you'd just drive anothor home."—N. Y. Herald.

—Guide (pointing to mummy)—"This was Rene, the priest, the wisest man of his time. He lived to a great age." Tourist—"Was his last illness fatal?" Guide—"Yes, very fatal." Tourist—"What a wonderful thing that we see him now perminantly cured!"—Pharmaceutical Era.

China has a revolution, allee samee South American man.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE